

April 1996 Volume 3 Number 6

VOICE

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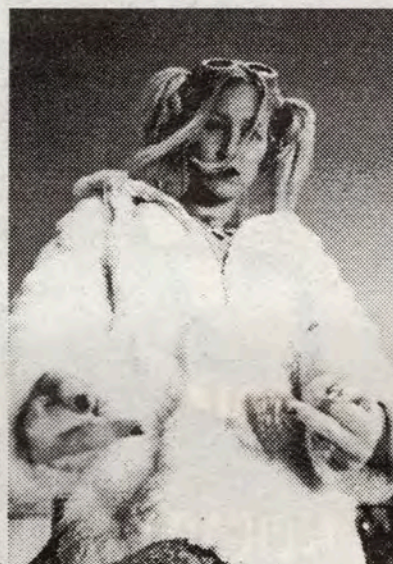
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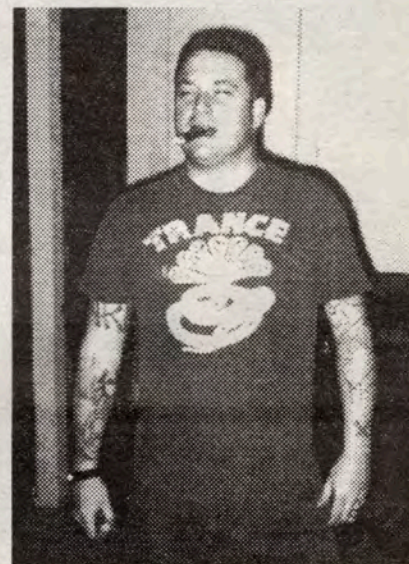
QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"When you're personally responsible for the death of both River Phoenix and Kurt Cobain it's time to take a real hard look at the way you live your life."

-The woman who used to date the singer of the Butthole Surfers regarding his various drug habits



Cathy is easy on the eyes and seemed really cool when we first met her but when she said stuff like "You can only get baking powder toothpaste in Toronto" we were turned every which way but beat and found her to be quite hard on the ears.



This man has 10 000 tattoos (including a cartoon chef chasing vegetables down his arm), an eco-hippie wife and a punk rock two year old, but he runs the biggest corporate Deli in Texas and plays golf every Sunday.

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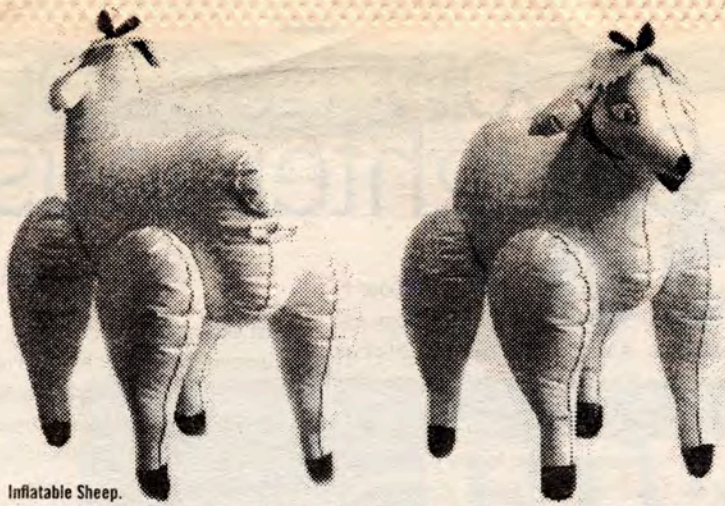
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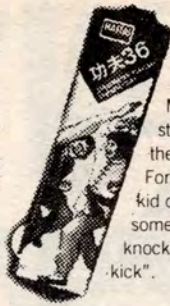
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Inflatable Sheep.

The Original Luv Ewe made by Montana American is the perfect way to commit beastiality without getting arrested. Boasting over 10 000 satisfied customers this saucy little slut is said to be a gag gift though the plastic orifice feels terrifyingly real. For all you punk rockers out there there's NOFX's "Fuk Ewe" which looks exactly the same only black. Nobody ever need sleep alone again.



Kung Fu Gum

Made in Korea by Haitai these little sticks of dynamite actually give you the knowledge and power of Kung Fu. For only 89 cents you can be the first kid on your block to split open someone's head with "Buddha fists" or knock someone's arm off with a "dragon kick".



Dutch Candy

Only in a place where dads blow spliffs on the way to work could you find candy like this. Snot Apen is little green and orange monkey boogers that crunch in your mouth just like the real thing and Store Babsers are deliciously chewy boob shaped treats that can't help but take you back to the days you sucked on your mom's chest. Produced by Bon-Bon A/S- 4684 Holme-Olstrup, Denmark.



Funeral Play Set.

It's called *Ashes to Ashes* and frankly, it's a real bring down. You get 6 Pall Bearers, a priest, two nuns, a coffin (filled with candy bones), an altar, a priest and a life-size glow in the dark rosary. It's best to play with these little guys when you're really drunk because it makes you cry. It even says "Mourners not included" on the back.

tidbits

-a monthly look at things we love

Personalized Bowling Balls

Using the bowling alley's balls is like renting those gross brown roller skates instead of bringing your cool black ones with the pom poms. Get your own ball and get it personalized.

This particular ball had to wait until it got back to Canada because most ball personalizers down south considered it "just plain wrong to put a cuss on a ball."



Carlos Salinas Doll

Mexico's last president Carlos Salinas and his brother split Mexico with barrels full of money and a handful of prostitutes. Now they're rumoured to be living in Canada and all Mexico is left with is a massive debt and their Carlos Salinas doll. The doll comes complete with a prison uniform, a bag of loot and a boner.



Last in Space

Amphetamine Reptile recently put out this, the most retarded piece of celluloid ever to hit the VCR. Last in Space depicts 25 minutes of Cynot 3's Supernova: picking their noses, attacking Smarmies, playing with cars, farting, disco dancing uncontrollably, drooling and playing some of the finest new wave jingle punk ever heard. All in outer space. Available from Am Rep, 2645 1st Ave. S., Minneapolis, Mn. 55408.



Black Big Boy

This ultra-rare icon is one of the few remaining examples of the worst marketing idea since Sambo Toothpaste. A few years ago the American hamburger chain Big Boy tried to make their mascot black. The only problem was, they just stuck a black head on the white body so he looks like a sunburnt Puerto Rican wearing a white turtleneck with fingers on it.



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C O O L I O



Cow Escapes Slaughterhouse

by Felt Garment

Chumbawamba sang about it, Consolidated predicted it and Noah felt its' wrath. Animals are sick to death of us and they're not going to take it anymore. Scotland's Felt Garment has the story.

As humans we tend to see ourselves at the top of the food chain. We've spent centuries forcing nature into submission and have developed the leash, the yoke, the saddle and the whip. We can breed them, raise them, race them, bet on them, skin them, wear silly hats, we can even convince them to smoke cigars and travel into outer-space, but what if? What if the animals were to decide that enough is enough? Think about it.

There's been a drastic increase in the number of fatal shark attacks in south-east Asia over the past year and

Last year, in Alaska, a moose killed an innocent pensioner after having been harassed and embarrassed by nearby university students who had been pelt-ing the noble wanderer (the moose, not the pensioner) with snowballs.

Perhaps the most intriguing such inci-dent is one that involved a renegade cow in Alberta. On the verge of being turned into mince, the cow suddenly had the presence of mind to bolt out of the abat-toir, knocking over a couple of cattle handlers as it made its escape. The cow then rampaged through the town and made for the woods. I have always admired that cow for its sudden burst of will and initiative. What went through its bovine mind as passivity turned into



European tourists continue to get mauled by bears in western Canada but there's more curious cases to consider.

A few years ago in the southern state of Georgia, site of the soon to be held Coca-Cola Olympics, a bizarre murder case was reported in which a pet goat turned on its elderly owner and killed him by ramming him clear off his front porch. The neighbors came to the support of the goat by confirming the old man's relent-less cruelty toward the simple, if not docile, beast. It has not yet been deter-mined whether the goat has any connection to the Menendez brothers.

aggression? Why did this particular cow choose to turn and fight while the rest of the herd failed to raise a hoof?

Other such cases include a cow that disarmed a soldier in Uganda, an elephant that killed its friend and zookeeper, a police Alsatian that attacked its Keystone Cop owners after they botched a car chase, an American dog that shot its owner in both legs in a "hunting accident" and a reported rise in aggressive behaviour among sheep in New Zealand.

Stay alert, stay armed, and have your pets spayed and neutered.

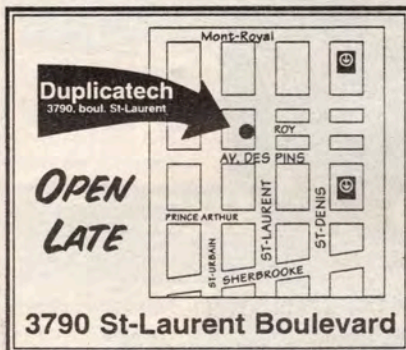
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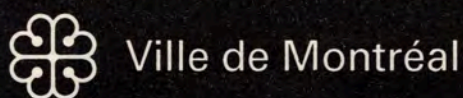
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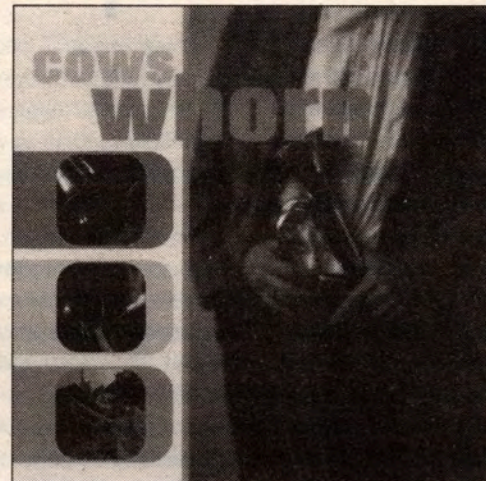
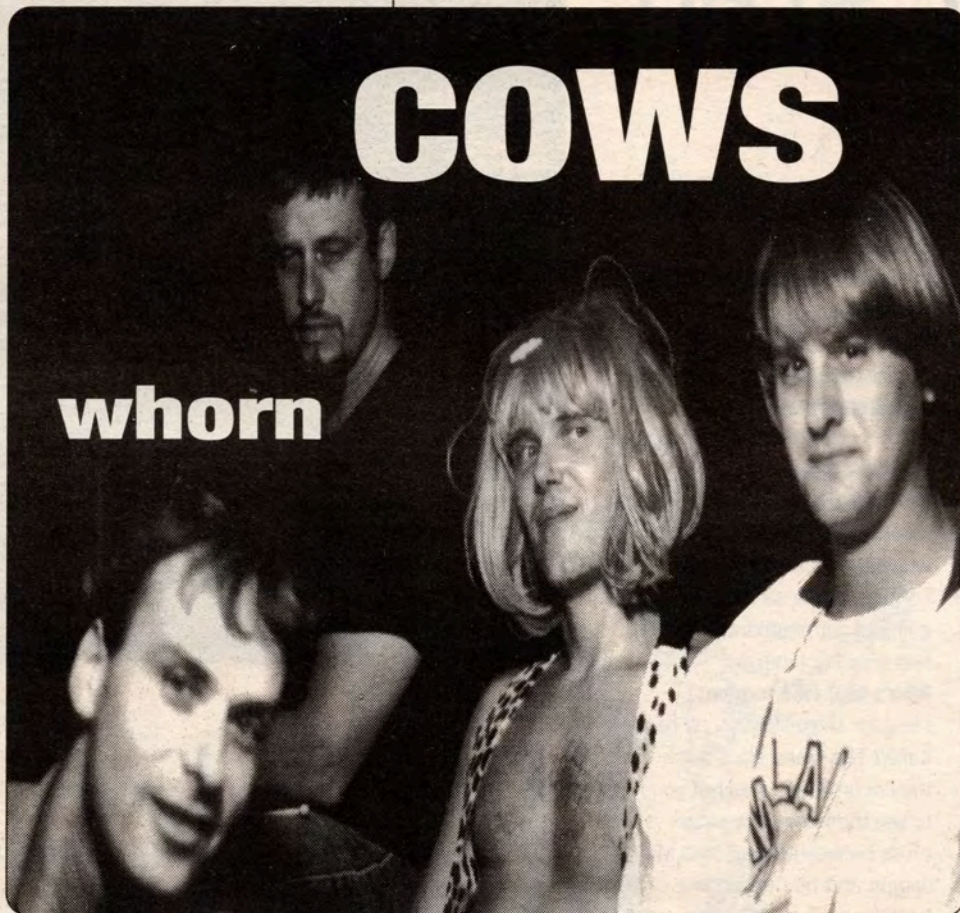
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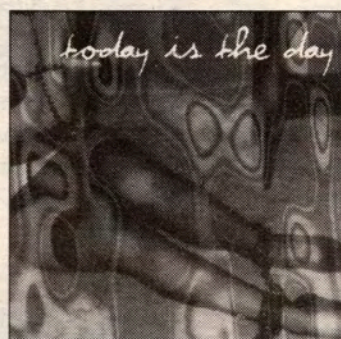


HAMMERHEAD

Duh, The Big City

Applying experiments from the bleak vortex Hammerhead dives into the greed, calamity, of the modern urban lifestyle.

AmRep 042 CD CS LP

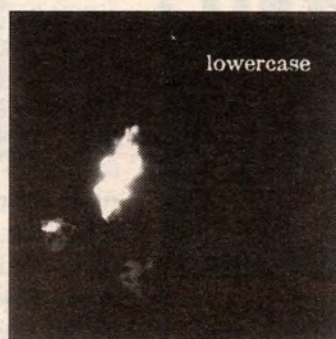


TODAY IS THE DAY

Today Is The Day

Emerging again with evil emissions that make Sybil's neural activity sound like Yanni! Steve Austin produced.

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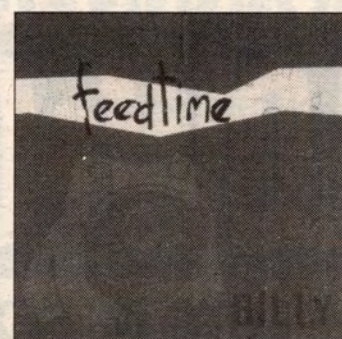


LOWERCASE

All Destructive Urges...

Imaad and Brian have a guitar, a drum set, a Cure sticker on their van and the sonic waves to kick start the next big earthquake.

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interview by Gavin McInnes

Princess Superstar

Credited as the only band to ever sample Fugazi, Princess Superstar looks like Björn Again but sounds like a cross between the Beastie Boys and Luscious Jackson. After weeks of watching major labels trip over each other trying to sign Princess Superstar, Canadian indie giants Fifth Beetle swooped in and snatched her away. Now Concetta's Grand Royal-style punk rock hip hop is taking over the world and the big wigs are left kicking themselves.

Voice: When did you see your first Playboy magazine?

It was at my friend's apartment, her father had it and I remember being so horrified. I was like "Oh my God! What is that?! Do I have one of those!?"

The first one I ever saw was frozen in a big hunk of snow. I think guys would feel guilty and throw them away on the way to school.

Oh, because you're from the North, I get it ... that's a beautiful Canadian story.

When did you lose your virginity?

I lost my virginity at Yale. I went there for a summer when I was 16. Back then it was about getting drunk and hooking up at parties. I lived in residence and there was a lot of sex going on.

How was it?

It was okay I remember it hurt a whole hell of a lot and then the condom broke so I was sure I was going to get pregnant. After the first time I got into it.

Who's Ian? (see turn ons)

He's the singer for this DC band called The Make Up. I think they're on K Records but you have to see them live. The singer is a cross between Prince and Mick Jagger and he puts on one of the best live shows I've ever seen.

What's Colonial Williamsburg?

(see turn offs)

There's an American Junior High phenomenon where everyone has to take a field trip to Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia and the town's all done up like in Colonial times. You know, Ye Olde Pub House and people all dressed up dipping these big candles, really boring stuff like that.

Do you think size matters?

It's definitely the motion of the ocean baby.

Oh c'mon. A two incher? You could be Jacques Cousteau, you're not going to do much with two inches.

Well, maybe he's good with his mouth.

How much would you have to be paid to be in Playboy for real?

Nah, I wouldn't do that. I don't care about showing my body but the whole set up of the magazine really turns me off. Pornography's great but it's just not my thing. I want to be known for my music. Ask me more sex questions. I hate doing interviews like "where is the line between Concetta and Princess Superstar?" The CBC was asking me that the other day.

I heard you like it rough but you strike me more as the cuddly "let's spoon" type.

Well, I like both see. I like cuddling a lot but you've gotta get the spicy flava in there. You know, I never fuck on the first date. Or the second or the third.

Whoa! How many bases could one get to on the first date?

Maybe first base.

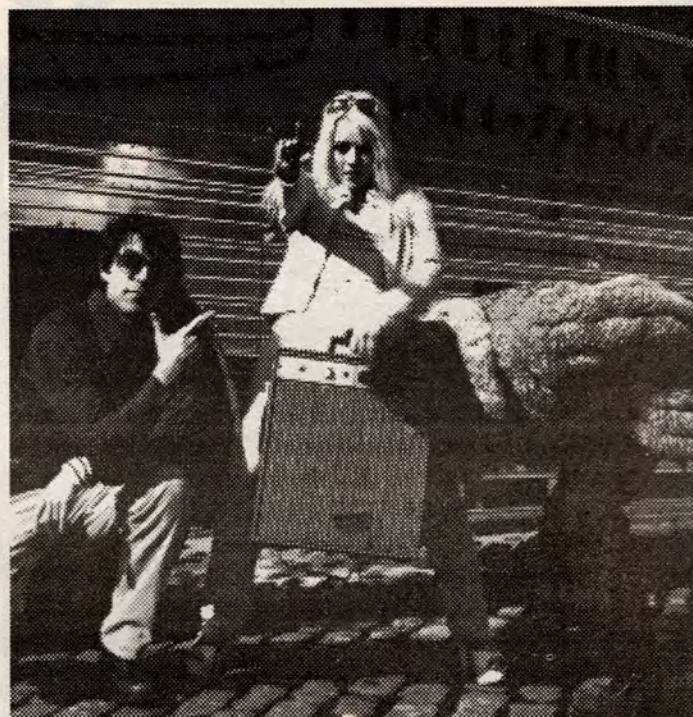


Photo: Janine Manti

Rocks

Do you like your tits being felt?

(screams) You'll have to talk to my publicist honey.

Could you ever be brought to orgasm just with the boobs?

No, I don't think that's possible. Hey, you better not make this too sleazy or anything. Don't make my parents blush.

Did you say don't make my pants blush?

No stupid, my parents.

That gave me a hard on. "Don't make my pants blush" - wow.

Be sure to check out Princess Superstar with The New Bomb Turks and Los Spaceshits at Cabaret on April 5.

VOICE

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|---|-----------|--------------|----------------|
| NAME: | Concetta | | |
| BUSTEN: 34 | WAIST: 25 | HIPS: 34 | HAIR: BLOND |
| HEIGHT: | 5'5" | WEIGHT: | 110 |
| BIRTH DATE: | 2/25/75 | BIRTH PLACE: | NEW YORK CITY! |
| AMBITIONS: See "work ethic". | | | |
| TURN-ONS: Full lips, reaching for a library book while the boys "sneak a peek", Ian | | | |
| TURN-OFFS: Colonial Williamsburg, beachcombing for driftwood, "I'm a little Teardrop" song. But anything can be overlooked with love in your life (well, almost). | | | |
| NEVER LEAVES HOME WITHOUT: My cigarettes (they keep me sane), my pink Bible (it keeps me soft) and my phone card (hotels can be so lonely). | | | |
| PEOPLE I ADMIRE: Pro Jansen, Fancy Pants, Presley, and Elvis, my DAD & Mom. | | | |
| WORK ETHIC: Rock n Roll doesn't give a fuck about your Kung Fu. | | | |

me and Ian.

Yikes! Look at that hair.

you're all grown up.

Too Punk for You

by Suroosh Y. Alvi

Here's some old news, the Cows rule and the music world is full of shit. With the obvious exception of some indie labels and some geeks in the know, bad music is promoted and the good stuff is ignored. This is the nature of American capitalism, accessibility and quantity supersede quality. The painfully obvious point of contention here is the Cows. Over the course of the last nine and a half years, Minneapolis' finest have put out six full length albums and thousands of 7"s, that with each release have satisfied my burning inner desire to consume depraved punk.

Whorn, the latest slab of Am Rep Cow meat is a natural step in their evolution from unbridled chaos to organized confusion, to the tightest punk noise in the universe. Coupled with an unparalleled live performance, the Cows chill at a level above the rest.

Largely neglected by mainstream consumption, singer and buglemeister Shannon Selberg, in a recent Kalamazoo pit-stop, said "Yeah, we've been the band that's about to get signed for about five years now. It seems like people have been waiting for us to 'sell-out' for so long that they're almost getting impatient about it. You know what I mean? It's like, 'you guys will never sell-out, no you'll never sell-out,' or it's like, 'this is the one right, this year is the year you guys are going to make a million.' How the hell should I know?"

With acts like the Jesus Lizard and Boss Hog signing to majors, the Cows have been entirely ignored. Why? Talk to any asshole in marketing.

"No one can tell us what to do so maybe that's why we're not getting signed," says Selberg. "To be honest I think it's because they don't know how to market us. They take that live show and then they have to make it into something that they can easily write a blurb about in some magazine. They don't know how to put us into a group with other bands. We used to be stuck in with the Butthole Surfers, then it was Flipper and then it was Killdozer,

and then it was the Jesus Lizard, I don't know what it's going to be after this record. I have a lot of friends who have been in bands for a long time and a lot of them have gotten big now and they've been on David Letterman and all this shit. And well, you know I wouldn't mind some of that myself, to be honest."

So often when something shines as truly unique it is left neglected as a result of everyone's insecurity and pussy-footing. By the same token, why would corpo-

rate America want anything to do with a band that used to take acid and jam all night in the dark when they can have pre-fab shit like Weezer?

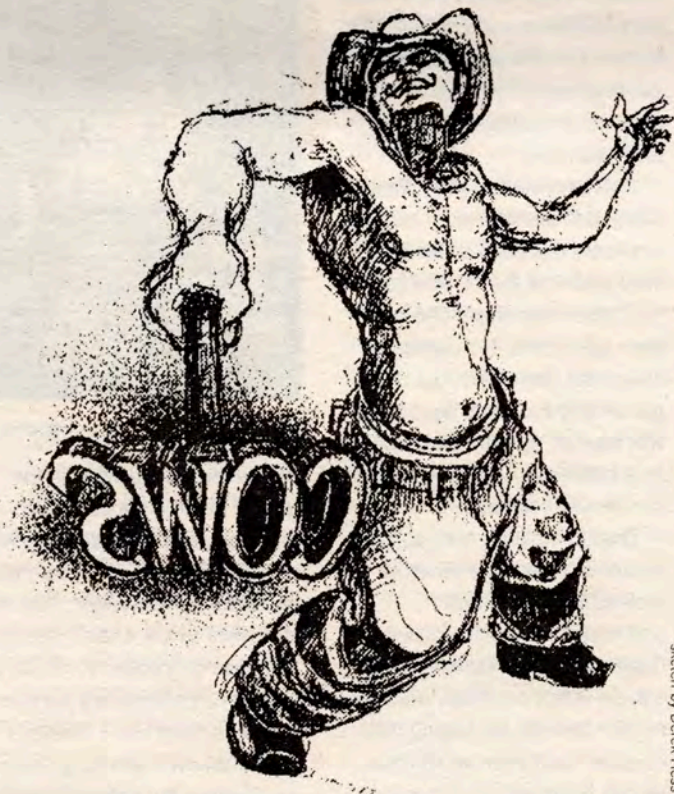
The attention that has been given to the Cows has left Selberg

unimpressed, "The way we've been portrayed over the years I don't really agree with too much. They really go for the sort of dumb hillbilly angle a little bit too much. They don't listen to the music or the lyrics. Actually a lot people, all they can say about the lyrics is 'oh well, it's just a bunch of trailer-park politics and shit.' I think that a lot of people don't really like to think too much (laughs) ...You can take them on a surface level and people might think they're kind of stupid. If you read into them, then you can get something out of it."

Part of the whole Cows experience are the brilliantly demented lyrics; lyrics about disillusionment, drunkenness, twisted sexuality and bullshit politics. Speaking as a fan, all I can say to those in the dark is get with the god damned program.

The upcoming tour with Primus brings the Cows to Montreal for the first time ever as well as Toronto. "We've played Toronto twice and they've actually been two of the most unpleasant shows I think we've ever played. Nobody showed up and the ones that did had their thumbs up their asses." No surprise there, 'nuff respect to the Cows.

Check out the Cows at Metropolis in Montreal on April 10 opening for Primus.



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JOANNE – the Times Square girl who took a "double shot" and was taken for a ride.

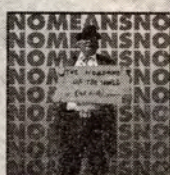


DAVE – the rich boy who started "blasting tunes just for kicks" and got caught in the harmonics trap.

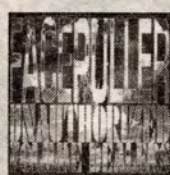
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by Gavin McInnes

Wesley Willis Loves You Like a Milkshake

When I first met Chicago's Wesley Willis he said "Get the hell out of my way or I'm a rip ya' face off," and then added "I'm just kidding. How you doin' you big water tower head?" He then began bonking my water tower head and forcing me to say "Rah!" while he screamed at the top of his lungs. I got a headache from this but it was worth it. I met the world's only black, 33-year-old, seven foot tall, 300 pound artist/musician with a toothy cheshire grin, nappy hair, a severe facial scar, a blaring walkman (to keep out the voices), a strong smell, a gigantic bag of bus drawings and a severe case of chronic schizophrenia.

Then he started going off ... "When I rock I rock it like uh apple. I like rock 'n roll because it takes me on a joyride. I like rock 'n roll because it keeps me on da rock 'n roll superhighway. I also like rock 'n roll because it keeps me on da move. I want to keep my ass busy and keep my ass on the right track. Nobody can shoot down my music and make me have a freak-out hell ride. Hell no."

Wesley is presently doing an American tour because everyone is in love with him. Mike D. was going to sign him but chickened out because "I was scared of get-

ting a black eye for exploiting him." San Diego's Heavy Vegetable recently recorded a "Song for Wesley" and Rocket from the Crypt's new title *Scream, Dracula, Scream!* is taken from Wesley's hit single "Easy-E." Everyone from Jello Biafra to Spike Lee is raving about him and the man can barely walk down the street without being mauled by urban hipsters trying to get a quick drawing, a cheap CD or a head butt.

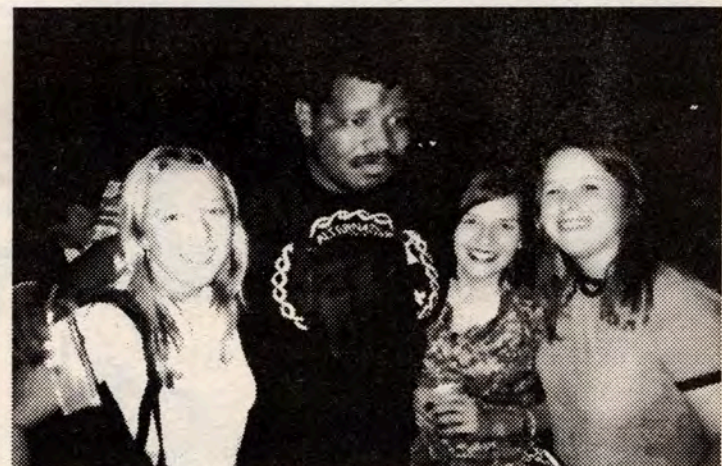
I asked Wesley what he was doing here in Austin, Texas at the South by Southwest music conference, "I'm here to sign a deal with American records (Rick Rubin's label.)" Yes readers, the same people that put out Slayer are signing a guy who sings songs like "I whupped Batman's Ass," "The Chicken Cow" and "I'm Sorry That

I Got Fat, I will Slim Down."

Unfortunately, rumour has it he was only given a \$10 000 advance and has to sell 100 000 units to make any more. His Greatest Hits CD on the Dead Kennedys' Alternative Tentacles label was one of his best sellers (he's made about 20) and it only sold 4 000 copies. He also had to turf his back up band The Fiasco and agree to do endless talk shows and interviews.

This isn't the first time Wesley has gotten a shit deal. In fact, his whole life has been a shit deal. As Wes puts it, of the 10 956 days he's been alive only 1 095 have been good ones. His outbursts always get him kicked out of places and five years ago his face was opened up with a box cutter by a homicidal maniac who didn't like Wesley's ranting.

Born completely normal, Willis was driven mad by a series of molesting relatives and psychopathic stepfathers like Roger Lee Carpenter who repeatedly threatened to burn Wesley's mother alive for not buying him cocaine. Carpenter would force Wesley along with his brothers and sisters to watch their mother perform fellatio and in 1989,



October's Voice girl (left) chills-out with Wesley

Carpenter robbed Willis in the middle of the night of \$100 in order to buy drugs. Wesley always pays his bills and after that night he began to hear voices. "Demons are talkin' to me. Cussin' me out and speakin' profanity" he says "but I'm a continue my joy ride and wipe them out." Wesley's joyride involves spending hours a day banging his head to Chemlab while frantically recreating city highways complete with buses

bing me in my ass. Then, three more vampire birds stabbed me in my ass too. They sucked the blood out of me killing me or in "Jesus is the Answer" he starts off with:

This is the song I'm going to be singing to you which is called Jesus is the Answer.

Number one I'm gonna do this song again.

Number two I'm gonna do this song again all the way up your ass.

Number three I'm gonna fuck your ass up like in a car crash and number four I'm gonna fuck your ass up like in a goddamned accident and

Number five ... Jesus is the answer!!!

The song ends as most of his songs end. "Rock over London, rock on Chicago. Mitsubishi, the word is getting around."

His art is his therapy and up until now has managed to quell the voices in his head that cuss him out and call him an asshole. Hopefully, American pop culture will be able to resist robbing him at gunpoint in his sleep because Wesley Willis is on a joyride and ain't no goddamned corporate assholes about to give him a freak-out hell ride. Hell no.

Wesley Willis' favourite songs are "Earth Shattering Hell Ride" and "Chronic Schizophrenia" and his new album will be called *Life Sucks In The Metal Clink*.

For more information write to Wesley Willis c/o Brendan Murphy, 1549 N.Bell, Third Floor, Chicago IL 60618.

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"This is not a mistake, we think it's funny."

by Harris Newman

The Grifters' Southern Soul

The nerve center of music in the deep south, Memphis has helped define rock and roll from day one. Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Stax and Sun studios, the church of Reverend Al Green – but the south's impact extends much further than its direct offspring. "Half the bands from the '60s were inspired by music that came from Memphis and the south, and then they had to import it back into the States – the first two Led Zeppelin albums are really just primal blues," explains Grifters' guitarist David Shouse. Somehow it all makes sense – the Grifters who,

Star, and the stranger white-trash rockabilly elements. I mean, you can't deny that living in an area, particularly because we have a

it's with *Ain't My Lookout*, the Grifters' first outing with Sub Pop, that they are starting to really come to grips with their jaded home turf and the mixed blessing of pushing the envelope of music in a city even Shouse admits is "pretty staid and conservative."

"There's a certain part of Memphis, the music stores and some independent press, that accept and keep up with the band and there's a big part of the industry in Memphis that positively wouldn't give a shit if we fell off the face of the earth, because we're a little too different for most people. The institution that is the Memphis music industry now has so badly wanted to return to the glory days that they've isolated themselves from people like (Easley studios owner) Doug Easley who's doing more for Memphis music now in terms of putting the stamp of a Memphian on other music than anybody. We're not part of the country club. People want to know what's up with Memphis music and there's a little bit going on at our end with people like us and Easley and a couple of bands, but basically it's a stalemate. A lot of the same people who were around in the mid '70s when Stax folded continued to follow the same dream, the same musical heritage."

But for all the places they've been and those that await them, as opportunity begins to rear more and more of its ugly head, the Grifters wouldn't trade their home turf for anything. "It really is a good place to come home to and just chill out. It's quaint, quiet, and cheap to live here. We have a bunch of cities that we really like - Montreal, Portland, Oregon;

Utrecht, Holland; Perth, Australia. I've been to all these places just 'cause I play music, which is kind of neat, but still it feels kind of good to go home, take your shoes off, make yourself a drink, sit on the porch, watch a few cars go by and maybe write a couple songs..."

The Grifters will be performing in Montreal on Friday April 19 at the Cabaret, Toronto on April 20 at the Horseshoe



true to their name, thrive on begging, borrowing and stealing from every musical camp of the last 50 years and refining it into raw, anthemic and completely unforgettable pop rock, owe as much to the musical history of Memphis as the first generation of British blues which turned North America upside down.

"I think what rubbed off on us is the renegade element of Memphis music, which would be people like Alex Chilton and Big

really good community radio station that plays a lot of indigenous music, has an influence. The guys in the band come from a lot of musical directions and I think Memphis' music is only a part of it. We don't want to be confined to it – it'd be kind of a sham, considering that happened 25 years ago. It happened for a reason then and I don't want to just regurgitate it."

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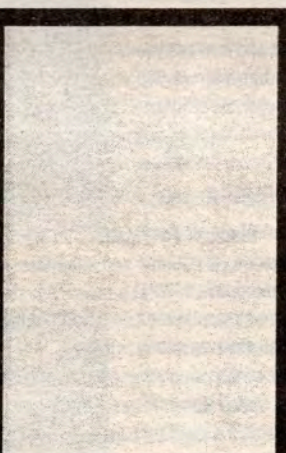
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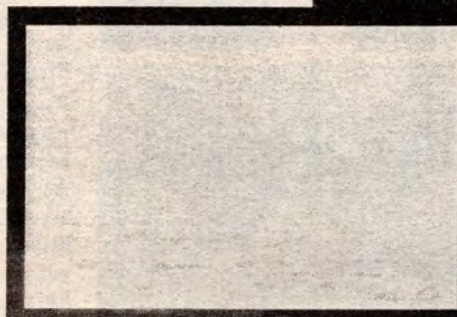


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The New Bomb Turks: Supernova *the Vampire Lounge (Austin, Texas)* March 16th
 "I don't like the vibe here at all. It's really tense" said Fizz's editor as she overlooked the angry mob waiting to get into her magazine's party.

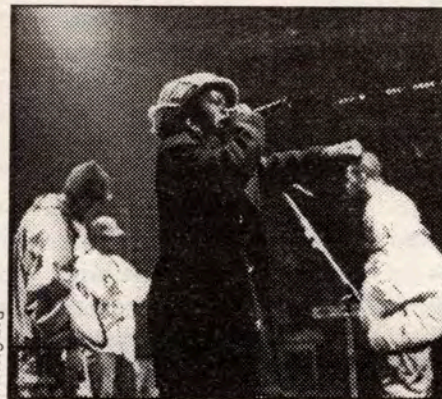
The night was more like a scene from *Quest for Fire* than a party. People mauled the free beer kegs like pirates as Supernova rocked out in the background. By the time The New Bomb Turks got on the crowd was fully pissed and a drunken pit was cheering enthusiastically even though the singer had no microphone. When he finally got one he shoved it down his throat so far the sound man had to pull it out. This angered the audience so much that they pulled the petrified redneck into the pit and it was at this point he decided to stop the show. A bad move.

Within minutes three people were on the stage punching Mr. sound man in his face and making him bleed a lot, then 15, then 30, then 100 people (I'm serious) started punching him and kicking him and jumping on his body. Luckily a group of compassionate punks managed to rescue the poor bastard and he left screaming out the back door.

Just before the riot police showed up I asked the Turks' singer what he thought of all this. "We just want people to have a good time... That's what happens when you give out free beer. People oughta just drink Coca-Cola." —*Gabbo*

Fugees, Roots *Metropolis (Montreal, Quebec)* March 12

How many mics get ripped on the daily? Many, many when the Roots and Fugees are in the house. Hip-hop shows being what they are, inconsistent to say the least, these two groups took a cue from their rock counterparts and decided to deliver the funk



with a live band. The Roots were like a human record collection when they dropped crazy old school rhythms in their version of a hip-hop history lesson. "Freedom" by Grand Master Flash, "Top Billing" by Audio Two and "The Bridge is Over" by BDP were some of the beats they flipped, thrown in with some newer bombs like "Danger" and Method Man's "Bring The Pain." This party atmosphere really heated things up, but left me wondering about their ability to do their own thing. After a lengthy break, during which the DJ bored the shit outta me, The Fugees hit the stage and had everybody jumping. The pacing of their set could use some improvement, they came on way too strong and dropped their biggest hits in the first part of the set. However the clarity and sheer beauty of Lauryn's voice was enough to keep things hype. Capitalizing on Montreal's Haitian massive in attendance, they even did some rhymes in Creole and "un petit compas." All in all it was a good night and with better sound it would have been the bomb. —*Simon Briscoe*

Plains of Fascination *El Mocambo (Toronto, Ont.)* March 6

The Canadian Music Week was a pathetic and shameless display of long hair and guitars; hip hop was not represented. What a racist industry, (insert rant... bla bla bla). There was, however, one particular hip hop act that caught my attention and in their own way made up for all the excessively lame rock that had descended upon T.O. The impressive Plains of Fascination, who reminded me of the native tongues school of hip hop... Jungle Bros, Tribe Called Quest, Fugees, De La Soul, but on the Ba'hai tip. Three MC's rocking the mics with a wicked DJ, together spewing an open-minded philosophy of acceptance. Check 'em out. —*Suroosh Y. Alvi*

The Meatmen *The Backroom (Austin, Texas)* March 14

We're the *Voice* and you suck! The Meatmen are the best live show in all of Punk, all you sorry-assed pukers out there should just give up! Ahh yes Tesco Vee you rock it like a freight train, beheading Morrissey on stage, then throwing out free cigarettes to the kiddies, I remember now why punk kills all the pretenders. You just don't get flaming ping pong balls shot from a giant penis with these Epitaph bands. The only merch available was a box of G.G. Allin shorts, styl-to-the-motherfuckin'-eeee. My haiku for this show HOLY HOT SHIT THIS ROCKS SO HARD IT MAKES ME WET. —*Natalia Vee*



Fun Lovin' Criminals

Come Find Yourself
 Virgin/EMI

Well, I can tell they're not black but they do me all right. Slow Beastie Boy grooves that feel like smoking pot in a convertible and only occasionally slip into embarrassing U2-esque acid jazz. When Fun Lovin' Criminals give up on being called hip hop and bring on the cheesy Zeppelin samples with Licensed To Ill audacity we can get this party started right. I can wait. —*Lorraine Menard*

Busta Rhymes

The Coming
 Electra/WEA

The former LONS member releases his first solo effort after making impressive cameo appearances in all the right places. Busta's "WOO-HAH" single with the Ol' Dirty Bastard a few months back rocked supremely and he follows up with the album that'll provide nourishment for the masses. The science on this silver disc blows my mind and doesn't waste my time — all the flavour and twice the phat. Hands down the album of the month. —*Gang Lu*



Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan & Michael Brooks

Night Song
 Real World/Virgin

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan is brilliant, the best singer in the world. When he sings traditional Qawwali it's fully transcendental and trance-inducing. The *Mustt Mustt* collaboration of Nusrat and Michael Brooks worked on a east-meets-west level and helped break Khan into North America but this CD is lame. This collaboration forces Khan to bring his vocal capabilities to a lower level to fit into Michael Brooks' sleepily slick ass production and weak, trippy beats. I vote no. —*Suroosh Y. Alvi*

2Kool and Don Dee

Warm It Up
 Audiorec

Following the rules of baseball in the music industry can be a risky business. Three strikes and you're out!!! So far, 2Kool have had two homeruns but their current album, *Warm It Up*, is a strike. *Warm It Up* is supposed to be a remix album but the songs have not been carefully selected and perhaps over re-mixed. This album didn't warm it up as much as it could have. But don't get me wrong, there are a few tracks that deserve an A-plus; a fantastic remix of "Atharah Baras Ki" and an instrumental of "2U Sanam." Maybe a strike is going too far but it is definitely a foul ball. —*Mandip Panesar*

Barenaked Ladies

Born on a Pirate Ship
 Reprise/Warner

Thank you Barenaked Ladies for giving me power over my friends. I put this CD on and they would do exactly what I said until I took it off. This is the biggest pile of putrid trash north of New Jersey. Blixa Bargeld recently told me "What's this with your Canadian clown bands your Barenaked Frivous? You think they are funny? They are not funny!" That's where you're wrong my nazi friend, they made me laugh all the way to the toilet. —*Shane Smith*

reviews



Tinker Receiver Bear/Cargo

Something about this record just doesn't sit right with me. Tinker are competent enough in their attempts but it sounds like something's missing in the end. Perhaps it's because it seems like the bulk of their songs simply pass you by. There's no bait, no hook, and in the end no catch. The best track here is "Three World No Way," which stands out due to its odd time signature and vocal phrasing; experiment or not, it worked. Part of the problem for the rest of this record is that nothing draws you in enough to keep your attention. It's like trying to focus your thoughts as soon as you get up in the morning, everything is hazy and out of focus, and that's how these songs come across. They seem to lack memorable moments, nothing to recall. Things move from riff to riff, some ending in a sputter, and others just kind of there. I think Tinker have it in them to bring forth elements that are only hinted at on "Receiver," that of melodic tendencies and dynamics drenched beneath layers of guitar chords. They seem to be on the right track, but just haven't gotten on the right train yet.

—Fred Quimby

Fu Manchu In Search Of... Mammoth/Attic

I'm stoned on acid in the back of a Nova SS with an eight-track blaring out Sabbath, MC5, The Stooges, and Funkadelic's "Maggot Brain." Bringin' it fuckin' on! This album should have been released on eight-track cuz it would be what I pop on next. Why? Because, hang all the chickens Martha, these tunes are hard assed, mammajamma rock'n'roll!!!

—Shane Smith

Lutefisk Deliver from Porcelain: Theme and Variations Bong Load

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me in the ass." Well all right, now that's a chorus I can relate to. Lutefisk are one hell of a sexy band, ranging from lullaby to manic heavier-than-Dinosaur, this disc is all over my hole. Saturday night a LSD suppository up me and Lutefisk cranked to 11, now you see that's my paradise.

—Jesse

Local Rabbits You Can't Touch This Murderrecords/MCA

The Pavement has set where Lakeshore meets E Street and the kids on the crosswalk have a Magnum PI lunchbox full of weird, rockin' shit: 211 engine-revvin's, Jolt Cola jitters, and a murky melancholy the colour of Lac St. Louis. There's a palatable lack of machismo to this rockaphony and certain refinements have been made... less spazz, more snazz... but we're still ducking the ricochets when cunning Ben Gunning and Montreal Pete draw sixguns on each other. It's an awkward earful at times and their occasional exercises in straight-faced bar blues are liable to induce fidgeting in those more on the Spencer tip. Regardless, this is the authentic Taste of the Waste (Island), unsullied by the calculated cool of their urban sceneraster counterparts. Park this short yellow schoolbus in your discman, for enough sonic snackage to fill the fairview soundcloud. From Lachine to the Locks... this shit rocks.

—Mr. Rupert

Down By Law All Scratched Up! Epitaph/Cargo

Same old fat pant punk sound but this time the tunes have a somewhat Snuff-like mod sound. The only problem with the melding of '90s punk and '60s mod is your chain wallet keeps getting caught in your bowling shoes when you're down in Brighton, rocker bashing.

—Marcia Sterner

Rocket From The Crypt Scream, Dracula, Scream! Interscope/MCA

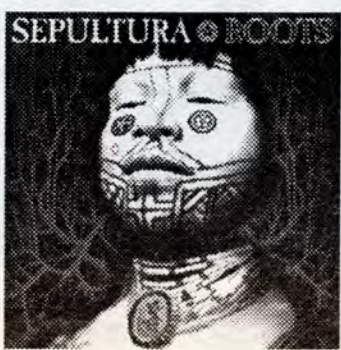
I love this band so much I have a rocket tattooed on my forearm. This means I get into all their shows for free and have access to ultra rare Rocket recordings. If you're not ready to join the revolution just yet try *Scream, Dracula, Scream!* An epic masterpiece with the heaviest, catchiest, most wiggled-out monster Elvis Rotten riffs ever to become an orchestra. I swear to God, 20 seconds into this album you're ready to kick the front door down and have sex with your boots on. Check out this band live, it's Holy Shit.

—Darrin Albery

Various I'm Your Biggest Fan Compilation Tooth & Nail

Brand spanking new comp of los United Estados' finest emo and punk outfits. Check this prime shit out for a fine introduction to the world of emo or even for a cool soundtrack to scrape the skin off the side of your face with. Remember all those skating videos with the amazing soundtracks? Well, this album delivers what you've been trying so hard to find.

—Rice Capades



Brainiac Hissing Prigs in Static Couture Touch and Go

Dayton Ohio's masters of sci-fi trash put the fuck back in futuristic noise rock with a mind-blasting follow-up to last year's *Bonsai Superstar*; inexcusable only for its exhausting over-intelligence. Not that these Great Brains alienate with inaccessible pedantry — Hissing Prigs is as forthcoming as you want it to be. Gently sucking in some of that trademark screech pop can be done effortlessly if a kick-back listen is all you can afford. But if embellishment in the form of, say, Speak and Spell back-up vocals piques your interest, an involved examination of Brainiac's experimental pop excellence will pay-off handsomely. And you need not thank GVSF's Eli Janney for his suave hand behind the boards — this album would have further flourished without his sick-slick input.

—Ilana Kronick

Hammerhead Duh, The Big City Amphetamine Reptile

Amrep has a reputation for releasing rock-heavy, aggro-distortion bands that pound their instruments into a pulp while leaving their audiences begging for more. Hammerhead's new album closes in on the bone-crushing tonality of their previous releases but does so in a much more experimental, exploratory fashion. *Duh, The Big City* creates tension with its emphasis on feedback driven riffing and blundering, yet melodic, vocal chants. The pseudo-'60s postmodern artwork is there, the bewildering drum/bass accuracy remains, and with song titles like "Meanderthal," "New York? Alone?" and "I don't know...Texas?" these guys could be up for a Pulitzer. The difference between this album and the others is that the band never gets ahead of themselves in the initial song writing process. Each track melds together an amalgamation of parts, including incomprehensible samples, spacey noise gargles, and plenty of gut-wrenching, time signature shifts. Like a train wreck skidding down main street, Hammerhead take no prisoners and leave no building unscathed.

—Jonah Brucker-Cohen

Sepultura Roots Attic/Roadrunner

Insanely magnificent. This album combines Tribo Xavante music, Brazilian samba and full on mind-thumping metal. Hybrid, hydroponic, hypnotizing, these tunes are better than a big bag of smooth dope. Sepultura went deep into their roots "The only way to get away kill your pride." Into the rainforests, "Amazonia burns can you hear them?" And into themselves "Born in pain." The result is some of the most intense music recorded. Ever.

—Jen Arienta

Supernova Ages 3 and Up Amphetamine Reptile

Spicy Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich
1 handful of peanuts
1 squirt tobasco
2 pieces of bread
1 handful jelly
Take some peanuts, put them in your mouth. Chop them up real good, real fine in your mouth. Squeeze the tobasco in your mouth. Take a piece of bread. You spit that on to the bread. Smear the jelly all down the crack of your ass. You spoon it out and put it on the other slice of bread. There you go. Spicy Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich.

—Supernova

Lungfish Sound In Time Dischord

aching honesty
philosophers bare their souls
astral bodies shine
—haiku boy

Various Survival of the Fattest Fat Wreck/Cargo

Listening to this album reminded me of how many ruling bands are on Fat Wreck. They have new school punk rock covered. From Japan's ultra-tight Hi Standard to Britain's moddish Snuff, to Canada's smash the state Propagandhi, Germany's Wizo, Australia's Frenzal Rhomb, NOFX, Lag Wagon, Strung Out etc. The highlight of this album, besides the "pay no more than \$4" tag, has to be Me First and The Gimme Gimmes. Composed of members from SNFU, Scream, Mudhoney and Tragic Mulatto, they manage to successfully Fat Wreckify the shittiest songs in the world (John Denver's "Country Roads" this time).

—Christi Bradnox

The Jesus Lizard Shot Capitol/EMI

Greatness cannot be contained nor denied in The almighty Jesus Lizard's case, which makes their seamless transition from Touch & Go to the big leagues at Capitol the logical next step — without even remotely selling the music out! David Yow's psycho-sexual imagery is piqued to perfection on *Shot*, where he ruminates over the mundane ("Mailman," "More Beautiful Than Barbie") and the surreal ("Good Riddance," "Skull of a German") with equally hardened finesse. Bandmates Sims, McNeilly, and Denison play like the subdued madmen that they are, pulling each progression violently taut with sweaty tension and streamlined precision ("Thumbscrews," "Churl," "Too Bad About the Fire"). Firing off much more powerful and frantic material than 1994's *Down* in every way, these loving family men have crafted one ragingly visceral slab that bursts with all the sonic spasms that only they can deliver. *Shot* is fucking amazing.

—Twister



7 Year Bitch Gato Negro Atlantic/Warner

If there is one positive force behind this shiny piece of shit, it's the Hernandez bros' cover work. Everything else on this album's cross-fusion of molten metal and grunge power is 100 percent devoid of quality and pleasure. This is a pathetic stab at being "heavy" or something. Also, I know this has nothing to do with anything, but the bassist sorta looks like the big girl from Salt N' Pepa.

Lush Lovelife 4 AD/Polygram

Why are all you macho wankers criticizing my favourite band? First you said they used too much technology and now you say they're too raw. Lovelife is a real cool album and a fine example of the new wave of British girl pop marked by Elastica and Echobelly that's proving, once and for all, boys suck.

—Lara Green



Drain Offspeed And In There Trance Syndicate

Scorn finds peace in sleep
dreams of Polynesia
tossing and turning
—haiku boy

Ruby Salt Peter Work/Creation

As the former lead singer for Brit aggro-punks Silverfish, Lesley Rankine has traded in the testosterone era of her past for a newfound femininity with Ruby, her American-borne project with studio geek Mark Walk (Pigface). Juxtaposing the androgynous shred-metal approach of her previous gig, Rankine explores techno-bent torch songs ("Paraffin," "Bud") and dance-drenched rock rhythms ("Tiny Meat," "Hoops"), giving rein to an experimental instinct largely built on sensuous aggression. Whether coated in trip-hoppy miasma ("Carondelet," "Salt Water Fish") or hurling jagged shards of sound-scape maelstrom ("Pine," "The Whole is Equal to the Sum of its Parts"), Ruby proves to be a rare jewel in an age of easy imitation.

—Twister

Papa Brittle Polemic Beat Poetry Nettwerk

EMF and Biohazard got a little pissed one night and brought it on, the result was Papa Brittle. Ned's Atomic Dustbin acted as godfather and these Metal-Pop lads decided that since it runs in the family they should rock it hard like an apple. Like Pontiac, Papa Brittle builds excitement and like Taco Bell they take a run for the border. So rock over London and buy this album.

—Motard



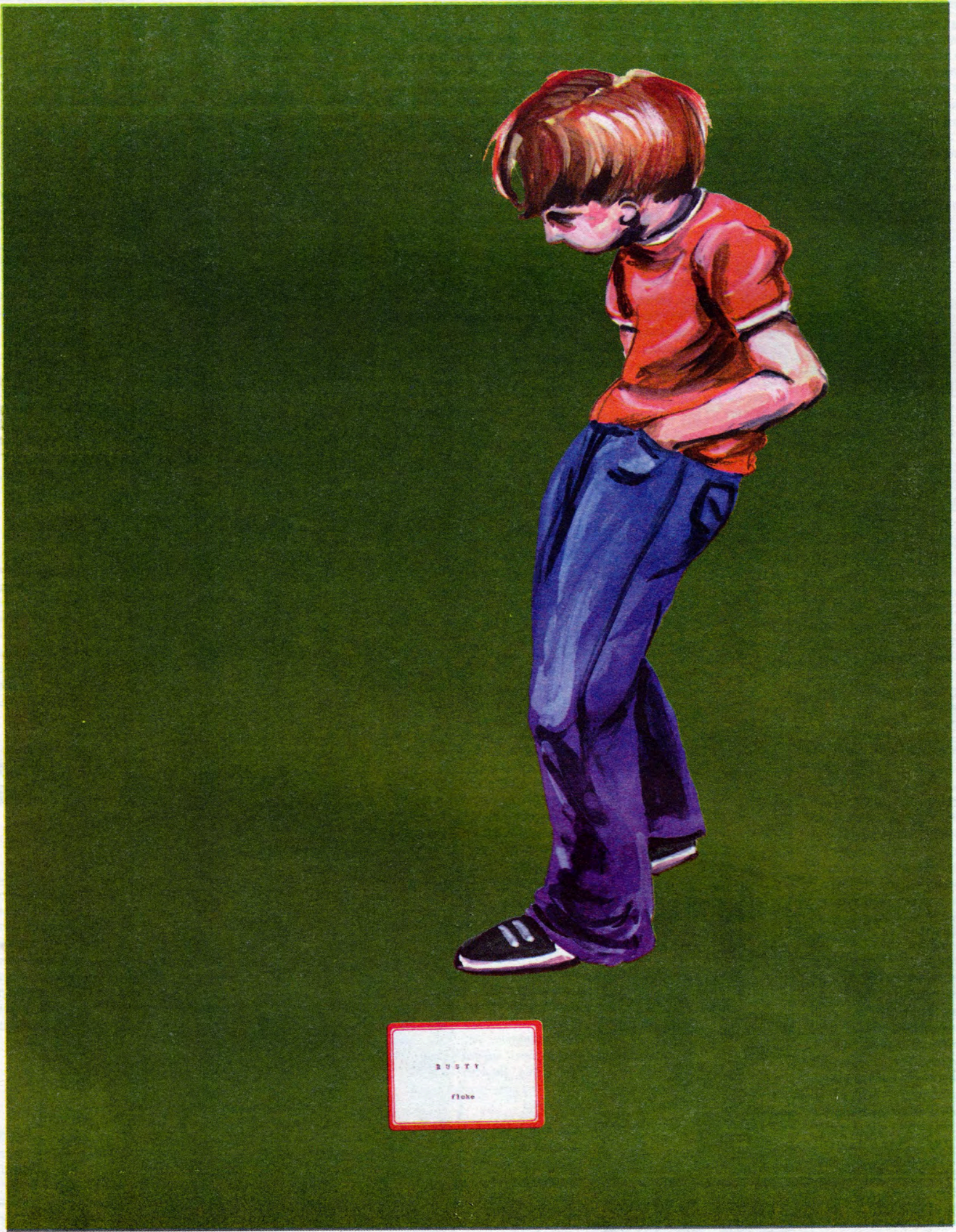
Heavyweight Sound A Blood and Fire Sampler Blood and Fire/Cargo

King Tubby, Burning Spear, Horace Andy, Prince Jammy, Yabby U and I Roy, these are the roots, reggae, dub and sound masters. All having at least one track on this comp it's hard to say anything bad about it. Nothing too experimental or truly captivating, still every track comes bass heavy and tight. Blood and Fire (from England) has been rereleasing classic dub and roots sounds for some time now. So go a yard'n check dem star!!

—MossMan

Various The Reggae Train Heartbeat/Denon

Culture, Marcia Griffiths, Justin Hinds and the Dominoes, Beres Hammond to unknowns like Delroy Denton and the Silverstones and Reggae George — varied styles on this CD... roots and rockers. Although the tempo changes, the groove remains the same... rock steady. The Clash came up with "Revolution Rock" from Jackie Edwards' original "Get Up." On three tracks we get the alternate version as well. To those who doubt that a lover's song can be written on a steppers beat, check out "Ain't Got No Time To Lose" by Earth and Stone. Another look at the past with a great collection of songs, now how do I turn up the scratch volume a little? —Bayani C. Esguerra



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Blowin Up Busta Rhymes

by Suroosh Y. Alvi

Busta Rhymes is not representing. Busta Rhymes is not going to "keep it real;" he simply transcends it. In a recent interview he said, "You are living a reality that someone else has set the tone for. You want to be real? You

would have blown up, regardless of what his philosophy concerning representation was, but the fact that he sees through the shit must be respected.

Busta Rhymes, he'll be huge for the next few months. Hip hop is funny that way, shit explodes and is forgotten about the next day. At a young 23 years of age, Busta is no newcomer to the hip hop circuit. A part of the old-school and influential Leaders of the New School (LONS), Busta signed his first six figure deal when he was only 17 and is now sitting on a rocket ready to launch; his first solo effort is *The Coming*. With the amazing precursor "WOO-HAH!! (Got You All In Check)," a massively anthemic single that featured the Wu-Tang Clan's Ol' Dirty Bastard, *The Coming* holds all the ingredients and flavour to be the most successful album of the spring quarter.

Oozing with personality, Busta's voice and face are in all the key spots. Vinyl cameo appearances include: A Tribe Called Quest's remix of "Scenario," Funkmaster Flex's Mix Tape, Vol. 1, and Craig Mack's remix of "Flava In Your Ear." In each appearance, he leaves a permanent impression with each line sung. He's had three celluloid appearances, the most notable being John Singleton's *Higher Learning*.

Hide in your fortified basements, mass destruction is imminent.

Busta Rhymes opens for Coolio in April.



by Simon Briscoe Hey DJ

Last issue we saw the first installment of what was to be our new DJ column, "Hey DJ." Soon after our wonderful editor asked me to take over and I willingly obliged. Aside from dabbling in graphics, I have a real passion for vinyl: spinning it, listening to it and, most of all, buying it.

Problem is, buying records can be a real pain in the you-know-what, and I thought it might be helpful to give our readers a little knowledge about what they are buying before they shell out the cash. Ultimately what you buy should be based

on whether or not you think the shit slams, period. Taking risks can be costly but most stores will let you listen first, so take advantage. Checking out the various charts available might be helpful as well. Radio is free and there are numerous shows you can check out to hear the music you like, problem is most radio DJ's get promo copies well in advance so finding certain tracks on vinyl can be difficult, if not impossible.

Speaking of which, I wonder if 2 Pac's record company knows how much money they are losing by not releasing "California Love" on wax. The bootleggers are laughing all the way to the bank while vinyl fiends are stuck with poor quality or, worse yet, having to resort to CD.

In any case, here are a few of my picks for this month. First off, if you don't know by now Busta Rhymes "WOO-HAH!!" 12" is definitely the shit, with remixes featuring ODB! Also worth checking out is Fat Joe's second single "Envy," which samples Marvin Gaye's classic "Sexual Healing." The flipside "Firewater" with Raekwon is raw and bound to keep heads nodding. Also making mad noise is Jay Z with his track "Dead Presidents." The production is tight and the Nas sample is real catchy as a chorus. D'Angelo and Az get busy over a phat Premier track on "Lady." The funky "Let's Play House," by the Dogg Pound is finally out as a single, with "Respect" as the B-side. Also worth checking out are singles by Smoother Da Hustler, Non-Chalant, Group Home with Groove Theory, and The Pharcyde. That's all for now, and be sure to pick up next month's issue for a more in-depth look at the 12" market. Peace.

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want to be true? Start with being true to yourself, and then come talk to me."

A member of the 5% Nation of Islam, Busta sticks to the most basic Islamic principles of keeping your inner state pure, listening to your heart and having personal responsibility. This self-consciousness is one of the many things that make him so unique. Based strictly on his skills Busta Rhymes

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KEVIN KANE
neighborhood watch

Debut solo release on his own On-Off Records. He used to be in another band a long time ago. He's also produced bands and plays pedal steel. (R0001)



SACKVILLE
low etib

Music made of desert and wood and released by MagWheel. Featuring members of Nerdy Girl, Howard North and Pest 5000. (MAG-009)



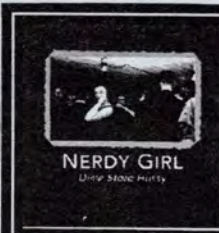
VARIOUS ARTISTS
slow children at play

Compilation from the kind people at 5th Beetle. Featuring unreleased tracks from Eggs, Princess Superstar, Soul Junk and Uncle Wiggly. (BUG001)



RED SUGAR
zero

Also available on Bang On! : "Medicine" and "Red Sugar Vs. Ste.Eustache". Sparse and unnerving. (BANG1011)



NERDY GIRL
time store hussy

Three new songs recorded with a full band. Full length slated for June 1996. A corelease between Janken Pon and NoLife Records. (NPS001)

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The Mad Professor of Dub

interview by Bayani C. Esguerra

Neil Fraser is the Mad Professor, an English reggae producer who also runs his own record label, Ariwa Sounds. Born in Guyana and raised in England, the Professor entered the reggae scene 16 years ago and hasn't stopped since. In the third week of April, he will provide a lesson in dubology on Toronto and Montreal stages by mixing a live band and singers and DJs from the Ariwa stable. Dub fans are hyped about this tour and rightly so. The Mad Professor's legendary mixes will be accompanied by the voice of reggae superstar Nolan Irie.

Voice: I understand you have a background in electronics.

Yeah, I was always into reading schematics and I built my own radio when I was about eight or nine-years-old.

And you built your own mixing board...

Yep, we still use it, mostly for tracking, and it still sounds good. I don't have a name for it yet but most people call it the Ariwa Sound cause when you hear it, it sounds like nothing else.

From the very beginning the music has been consistent...

With slight variations. Well I guess a lot of that same sound is in the head as well. As an engineer/producer you tend to have a sound in your head and then transfer that into other things.

Do you prefer analog or digital?

Well I'm not really into digital. Coming from where I was coming from we never used it, but now we've got the ADAT and we'll use that for certain things.

How would you compare yourself to other mixing engineers?

I'm basically wrapped up in what I'm doing. I'm not too concerned on what other people are doing. You just get caught up in your own production and you don't have time to look left or right or the other side to see what the other people are doing.

How do you write the tracks? Do you have a specific singer in mind or does the singer come after the instrumentals?

It varies... you don't want to fall into a set pattern so I'll always create an original vibe. We've got some new singers, a girl named Venus as well as Wendy Walker and Nolan Irie who's joining me on this tour. This is like a simple dub tour.

Some of the tracks you've released could be considered cross-over material.

You mean pop? Nah... I guess we can look to other markets in time, but for now we only put out things for the reggae market.

We will rebuild my studio onstage and I'm doing live re-mixes from master tapes of Ariwa sessions. People get excited about the sound being shaped in front of them. We'll be bringing in the whole equipment from here. The shows vary from as short as one



Now the jungle releases, I reviewed Rupununi Safari and Mazaruni.

I've done three jungle CDs. Yeah they're different. I took Ariwa stuff and took it into jungle style and it was great.

I liked some of the stuff but I liked the reggae mixes more.

(laughter) Yeah definitely. For me the jungle was an experiment because I knew nothing about it.

So when you come to Montreal...

hour to seven hours... depends on what people want. This tour will bring us to Montreal and Toronto, the only two cities in Canada.

Looking forward to seeing and hearing the session. Give thanks, man.

Wicked!

Mad Professor will be mixing up Toronto's RPM on April 21st and Montreal's Cabaret on April 23, with special guest Nolan Irie.

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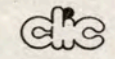
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Recordings for Deviants

by Johnson Cummins

The name Charles Manson seems to be synonymous with evil. The chances of history books reflecting Manson as a visionary poet and musician are very slim but after hearing Charlie's music it cannot be denied that his recordings are perhaps some of the most soulful around today.

Interest in Charlie's music seems to be at an all time high now and demand just gets stronger everyday. With everybody from The Lemonheads, Guns and Roses, Redd Kross, The Beach Boys, Crispin Glover and G.G. Allin taking a stab at Charlie's songs he seems to be gaining a new legion of music fans. Charlie currently has seven known releases out (all

but three are bootlegs). The most famous of the batch would be *Lie* which is the only recording made when Charlie was on the "outside." The rest have been recorded over the years with a walkman and smuggled out of prison through friends with no real intention of wide release. The common theme throughout the "prison recordings" is a stream of consciousness lyrical style that deals with everything from the non-sensical, to Charles' ecology foundation (ATWA), to his experi-

ences in prison. If he could be compared to anyone, a modern day Woody Guthrie comes to mind.

Today, expressing no interest in becoming a pop star, Manson plays music solely for himself, although prior to prison he did play for the people he lived with in the desert. He described his music as "our god, our religion." And putting a dollar sign on Charlie's music is like trying to put



The current available titles are *Lie* (Awareness), *Son of Man* (Warlock), *Live at San Quentin* (Gray Matter), *Charles Manson and the Family* (Gray Matter), the highly recommended *Commemoration* (White Devil) and the most recent release *Manson Speaks* (White Devil). The latter, being the only non-musical release, is also one of his more interesting titles. This two CD collection consists of Charlie's poetry, his environmental concerns and even his thoughts on the O.J. Simpson trial.

Despite being in solitary confinement Manson transcends his incarceration through his music. The sense of urgency embedded in his songs is the closest thing to soul music I've ever heard.

Since he was transferred from Vacaville prison, where the majority of these recordings were made, Charlie has been denied access to any musical instrument by what he describes as "a big jealous snake." So the aforementioned recordings may be our last chance to hear songs of such magnitude and importance. Listening to these tapes you can hear in Charlie's voice that he may be locked up in body but his spirit is free.

a dollar sign on his soul; no rock videos or Diet Coke commercials should be expected from Manson. This is the beauty of his recordings. There are no second takes or studio trickeries involved, only a man strumming a guitar and singing into a walkman. All of these recordings were originally intended only as personal audio letters to his friend but thanks to White Devil records Charlie has agreed to let us eavesdrop into the sounds of his soul.

45 Revolutions per Minute

by Fred Quimby

My beloved editor has always hounded me about the length of my reviews because they go on for too long and need to be more to the point. You, dear reader, usually only see about half of what ol' Quimby has to spew about these round little pieces of plastic. So I've taken upon myself to bow to his wishes, for once, and give it a shot. Short, concise, and concentrated. Think of it like having sex with someone you don't actually like...

Spare Snare *Bugs/Scrabble*

A UK troupe who bubble in pop glory and are drenched in fuzzed out guitars and bass. On "Bugs," they accent perfectly with a wiggly synth halfway through the song, sending it soaring. "Scrabble" is vocalist Jan on his own, typical boy with four track singing about girl, but still worthy. (Chute Records P.O.Box 211, Dundee, DDI 9PH UK)

Chixdiggit! *Shadowy Bangers From A Shadowy Duplex/Song For R.*

With guitars slung low and noses full of snot, these Calgary boys are possibly in the running as heirs to the Supersuckers' throne if it ever gets vacated. "Shadowy Bangers..." quick in tempo and drenched in chugging guitars, occupies your turntable for all of two minutes. "Song For R," however, sounds like Cheap Trick. Kids don't use that cheesy echo vocal effect, it's too '70s, unless that's what you're into. (Sub Pop)

Urusei Yatsura *Siamese/Lo-Fi*

Single of the month, hands down. This is the sound of urgency enveloped in pop flair. The band cruises marvelously through "Siamese," spurring vocals at an unrelenting pace, with guitars following quickly behind. "Lo-Fi" is anything but,

an above standard rock moment with nice guitar inter-play. (Ché P.O.Box 653 London UK E18 2NX)

Rex All/Nayramadin

"All" is a sad, sweeping number. The sound of lights going on at three am in some distant bar, while you ponder your existence in a boozy haze. Plucking acoustics, weeping accordions set to a waltz-like pace. Side B doesn't fare much better at lifting your spirits either. Hypnotic bass lines, crying cello and even a juice harp; moving. Sometimes depressed folks make the best music. (Southern records 3900 N.Claremount Ave. Chicago, IL 60618)

Velocity Girl *Nothing/Anatomy Of A Gutless*

Velocity Girl are nice, there's absolutely nothing dangerous about them. Your mom would probably like them and they'd be good house guests. They are the sound of rolled down pink socks and summertime. "Nothing" is digestible pop, no nuts or crunchy bits, easy to swallow. "Anatomy of the Gutless" is desert, neapolitan ice cream and cake. Tasty, yet kind of boring at the same time. If you like your music with very little challenge, meat and potatoes, then dine on this. (Sub Pop)

SPARE
snare

BUGS
(Goodbye Jan)

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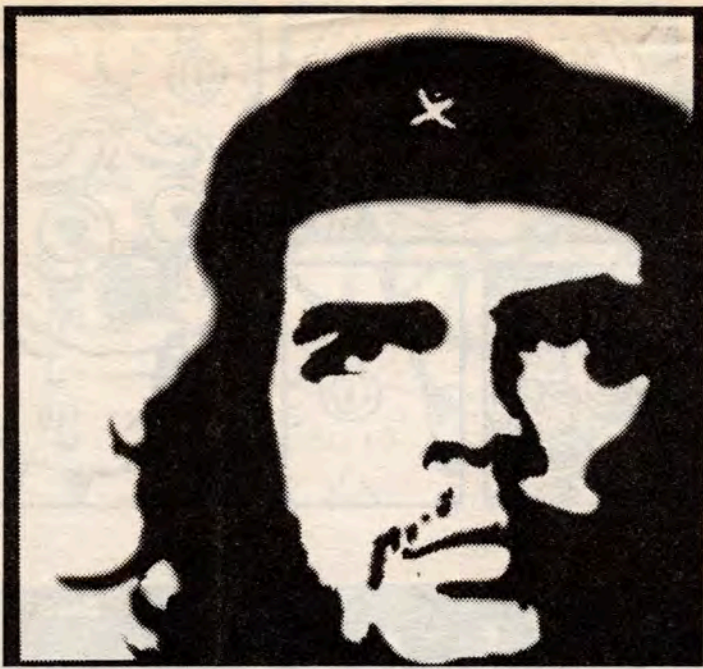
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-Che Guevara

In 1958, 82 bearded, cigar-smokin', rum drinkin', freaked-out revolutionaries came streaming out of the mountains of Cuba to take power from the US backed Batista government. The Americans owned 80 percent of Cuba's wealth and had turned Havana into a big casino. Fidel and Che sailed over from Mexico

and brought the revolution on. From that time 'til the present Cuba has been thumbing her nose at her neighbour to the North, the most powerful nation on earth. Well alright! 'Nuff respect to Cuba, the punk little country that could.

Recently the Cubans gave the US another bloody nose à la "Bay of Pigs." Two American

Viva Cuba Libre!

by Shane Smith

registered aircrafts were shot down over Cuban air space. Now, the Yanks will tell you that these were commercial planes and that this kind of outrage will not be tolerated etc... However, the fact that the only casualties were Cuban exiles and were the sole passengers on these commercial flights brings doubt to mind.

Havana tells us, kind of hang-dog, that these covert planes would spray crops, fire on civilians and just generally stir up shit. The straw that broke the camel's back was the planes dropping propaganda at night and waking everybody up. That pissed Fidel off so much that the planes had to go. The whole thing was a joke, the Americans couldn't believe Cuba would fire on their planes and the Cubans, tired of it all, just sighed a lethargic "fuck you," 'n shot em down in time for siesta.

A Canadian aviation committee was asked to head down to investigate, they said sure we'll check out this late night propaganda dropping business and the Americans were definitely not into that. In fact, the US State Department asked Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to stop tourism to our tiny, little, sun baked, island friends. Good old Jean told 'em to go to hell, whereupon I took my cue as a good Canadian and headed on down to sample the rum, light up a few stogies and do the "Macarena" with a lot of drunken German tourists. What I found was this: Cuba is beautiful.

The reason Americans hate Cuba so much is that it is so un-American. The people are educated (85 percent of them have a post-secondary education as opposed to America's 30 percent), laid back, funny and generally quite happy especially when not being starved to death or woken up at night by those damned planes. Sure the infrastructure is fucked since the Russians pulled out and yes people beg, but rarely for money. Most beggars ask for baseball hats or t-shirts. Similar to the whole East European deal, everyone has a good life but we want blue-jeans. Well Cubans want baseball shit, the nation's passion. Fair enough boys, you want the Blue-Jays, you got 'em.

The Americans try to press this to their advantage. They fund a TV station in Miami that broadcasts anti-Castro shit and MTV. The

Cubans scramble it and so \$12 million a year is broadcast to the fish off Key West. Through all this lunacy Cuba will survive and has survived these many years against the Americans cuz they don't buy into the US's bullshit.

Cuba is a surreal place, like Ireland they love the poetic hopefulness of their cause. The aesthetics of it all, burns driving around in cut down Studebaker lowriders, strong rum punch, and lazy sex in a twilight breeze. Cuba's got it goin' on; a come from behind win, Cinderella story, David and Goliath, the works. Cuba's increasing tourism from

Europeans wanting to snub the Yanks is bringing in heaps of cash. Restaurants, stores and consumer goods are rapidly increasing as military presence fades. Cuba is bringing it on despite massive negative pressure from the US.

Well, Fidel all I can say is Vive la Revolución! Keep it up baby! You guys rock!

As Che says, "Wherever death may surprise us, let it be welcome if our battle cry has reached even one receptive ear, and another hand reaches out to take up our arms, and other men come forward to join in our funeral dirge with the chattering of machine guns and new calls for battle and for victory."

Che Guevara was assassinated by the CIA in Bolivia, October 1967.

Popular Mechanics

by Fred Ajenstat

Panasonic Power!

On the worldwide electronic music map Finland is rarely considered a hotbed for cutting edge experiments in sound. Yet in the ever more inconspicuous world of underground electronic music production, Sahko Recordings, a label based in Helsinki, is about the hottest, hippest company worldwide releasing such experiments. Just peruse some of the UK's more well-known music periodicals if you need a barometer. Melody Maker listed Sahko Recordings as a "Hot Tip for '95," M8 rated the label the "No. 1 Tip for '95," DJ magazine cited their records as the fastest selling ditties at the Fat Cat Record Shop, London's retail techno epicentre. Luminaries like Mixmaster Morris, at one time known in ambient techno circles as the Irresistible Force, have been singing the praises of this distant label's output for a few years now.

Tommi Gronlund, an architect from nine to five, formed the label back in 1993. Since its formation, Sahko's "supergroup" has emerged as the unit called Panasonic: Panasonic's chief members are Lipo Vaisanen and Mika Vainio, two artists who were featured together and individually on several of Sahko's first five 12 inches. The label's first CD, *Metri* is the work of Mika, released under the name O. With the release of their latest CD, *Vakio*, and one European tour under their belts, Lipo and Mika's partnership as Panasonic is the future of the Sahko sound.

So what's all the excitement about? Well, there can be no doubt, after a few seconds of listening to *Vakio*, this is some of the strangest music one is likely

to encounter in this lifetime. High frequency tones, without damaging subsonic frequencies, create a sound foreign to most ears and music that can feel so cold. Still Panasonic manage to generate one of the most evocative styles I have ever heard. Their music is mature; it makes no attempt to seduce the listener with appeals to the familiar, or the charms and comforts of traditional songsmanship. Yet neither does it seek to offend such tastes. One must meet this music on its own terms and take it or leave it accordingly.

Montreal is fortunate enough to have a chance to witness Panasonic operate live and direct this month. It is as good a chance as any to witness the Complex Sound Generator, a typewriter the boys transformed into an oscilloscope for converting background electrical impulse into "pure sounds."

The evening is being presented by Montreal's own Discreet/Indiscreet Music, the city's most prolific, successful underground electronics label. David Kristian, the label's one-man supergroup, will similarly perform live, unleashing his unmistakably unique variety of drum'n bass and experimental electronics. Discreet and Kristian are enjoying the success of the recently released *Clubfoot* EP, which is garnering attention like the sort Sahko and Panasonic have received. (See Mixmaster Morris' review in the latest *I-D*, along with a forthcoming review in *Mixmag*). The show is on Thursday, April 11th at an undisclosed location. Tickets are \$8. Phone the Discreet line at 843-7688 for all updates.

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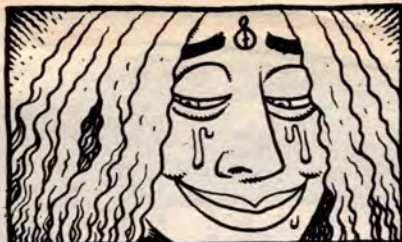
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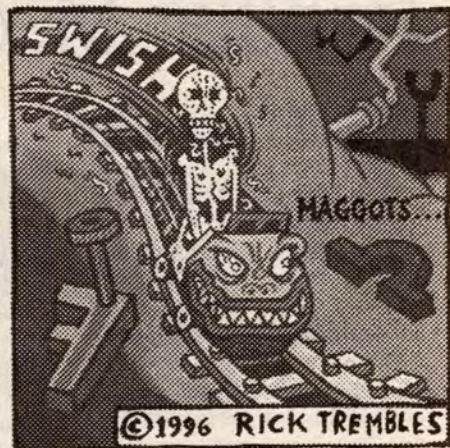
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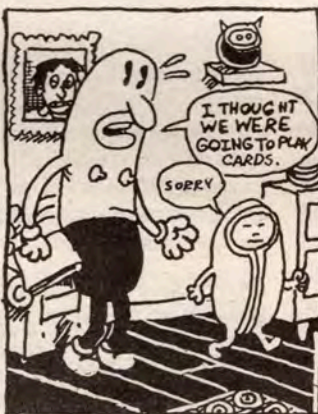
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My Life as a Schizophrenic Artist

by Edward Hablash

On November 3rd, 1995, I checked myself into the Willmont Psych. Ward and they told the government I was in need of some special attention. This attention has taken the form of some extra dollars in my monthly allowance and some rather intriguing art therapy.

I told them that within the last six months my sense of smell had drastically increased and I was immediately admitted to the Day Hospital where I take part in a variety of therapy workshops which include French, beach ball tennis and therapy through fantasy.

The art therapy takes place every Tuesday at 2:15 pm where we get a chance to express our most troubling emotions, using as many colours as we like. Dr. Lewis asks each of us to show and explain our art in front of the group. One man, who was well into his late 50s, drew a picture of himself floating on a cloud (pictured here). He called the drawing "Disappear." When asked to explain it he said: "because all I want is a big cloud to come down and take me far away." "You don't want that," said Dr. Lewis. "Yes I do," answered the old man and he began to cry. Another more stable looking man showed us his drawing of a garbage bag tied to the branch of a tree by a chain.

He didn't have a title for it and when asked to explain it he said, "there's a lot of people on the metro and it's hard on my head... I don't know whether or not that's a tree or a bear." During a smoke break I asked him a few questions. He told me he was having trouble between his grape and his dog. Seeing that I was confused by the statement he pointed to his head and said "grape," then to his stomach and said "dog."

When it was my turn, I showed the others my drawing of a large phallus with a happy face and an anus shooting out money signs. I called it "Mild Money Motion," and when asked why I said, "I don't know, because." And the doctor made his assessments.

I came here hoping to explore the endless realm of social services but, like my Dad used to say before each beating, "you can't fuck a system without it fuckin' ya back." The "fuckin' ya back" has taken the form of these

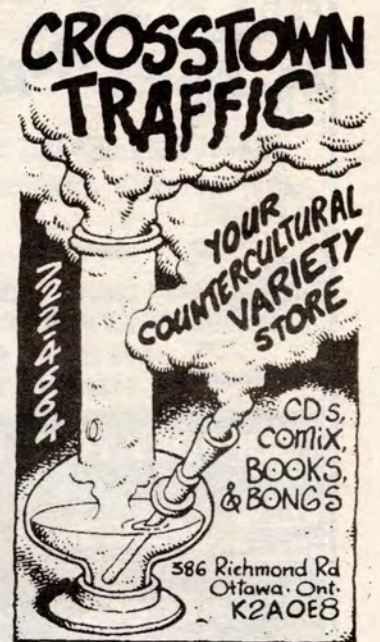


disturbing art therapy classes which have placed me on the brink. I'm not sure which part is a joke anymore and I'm not the only one.

On my first day here I talked to a young woman in the Day Hospital lounge. Her reason for coming wasn't too different from mine and she has already spent six weeks here. Three weeks after her arrival she was heavily sedated, given a Cat-scan for no apparent reason and put through some kind of neuro-transmitter test where she sat in a chair with brain wave receivers on her head while staring into a white light that flashed at various speeds. They told her she might have epilepsy

and started giving her more medication. My father was right.

Dr. McTavish told me during an assessment that the clinic was on the cutting edge of psychology and that they had access to drugs not available on the market (in other words un-tested drugs looking for guinea pigs). I realize I may not come out of this alive but I can't resist the insanity of it all. Bye everybody.



The Comic Hunt

by Gabbo

After weeks of sifting through retarded scrawls we managed to come up with four gems, all of which happen to be published by Fantagraphics.

Daddy's Girl

by Debbie Dreschler

Daddy's Girl is the most disturbing auto-biographical novel I've ever seen.

Beautiful flowing drawings on white scratch-board of a young girl trying to



grow up while her father molests her and her friends rape her. The trauma is nightmarishly ironic when surrounded by Dreschler's serene composition. I had a week of beautiful nightmares.

Schizo

by Ivan Brunetti

Suicide, the fate of man, his shitty job, suicide and suicide is all Ivan Brunetti can talk about and I'm laughing my face off. This man makes Charles Crumb look like Richard Simmons and confesses secrets to the reader so deep his wife is leaving him, literally. How can you not love a manic depressive who draws himself cuter than Charlie Brown and says "I've got 5000 cancers in my asshole."

Sidetrack City by Kaz

The genius behind *Underworld* (the funniest collection of comic art alive) has put out yet another twisted post-apocalyptic novel that is unlike anything out there. Charles Burns meets Jay Stephens in the year 3006 AD and they drop acid. Start out with *Underworld* and then you'll be ready for *Sidetrack City*. "Let all the radiation bloom for all the little bastards. And let them play in the juicy junkyard of disjointed dreams."

Suckle

by Dave Cooper

And finally, the winner. *Suckle* took Cooper over a year and is definitely the Brothers Karamazov of his career. Everything you dared to dislike about him is remedied in this groovy roller coaster of sex, love and bad acid. His organic multi-lines have been toned down and with little text the reader is left with a sacrilegious version of Videodrome meets Return of the Jedi.



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I'm a Transsexual

by Kim Wong

I'm not really a transsexual, I'm a man. A

man that used to be a woman and I'd really rather forget about the whole thing but you and you're insatiable lust for freaks compel me to give the gossip.

I grew up in a typically uptight Chinese family in Vancouver with an oppressive moron of a father and a mother who's only escape was her complete insanity. They obviously don't speak to me now, which is cool, and the only time I asked them for anything was to get their signature on my permission slip (you need a relative's consent to have the operation). My father refused and disowned me and my mother still doesn't understand what happened so I ended up dressing up one of my Asian friends and committing fraud.

God fucked up when he gave me a woman's body. I've always wanted women. And I don't mean eat her out in a 69 and rub our soft boobies together, I mean full on taking her from behind (something that's not exactly easy with my makeshift inflatable penis that occasionally pees in her if I'm not careful but still feels better than a strap on).

By the time I was 18 I knew it was time to correct the mistake and get set up with man parts. I began the arduous four years of analysis and re-analysis that surrounds this hellish ordeal. The operation itself only took a few hours but first I needed to prove myself to the Canadian government. Back in the '70s it was illegal here and people went to New York or Casablanca (nicknamed the GM of sex operations). Now all you have to do for free sex reassignment surgery is: dress as a man most of the time, let everyone at work know you're a freak and, this is the tough one, find somebody who will love and support you throughout the ordeal. The problem with the latter is the martyr bitch owns your soul, so I just dumped her and got a friend to pretend.

The logistics of the operation are something I'd rather forget. Let's just say it's much easier to

take something away than add. That's why the operation that goes from man to woman is 15 times more common than vice versa. The penis is finally being con-

and fixed with a pump that manually inflates when I'm in the mood. The Reebok pump isn't perfect but my options were a perma-hard-on or a perma-soft-on. All I have to do to maintain the new me is take piles of depressing pills every day, exercise my dink like a maniac, and systematically go in for reconstructive surgery as it falls apart. No wonder 20 percent of people commit suicide or quit halfway to make millions as hermaphrodite prostitutes. It



sidered an organ so people are donating them and the operation is getting easier but that's rare. Men have no problem donating their heart to a stranger but they'd rather let their penis rot than give it to a faggot/lesbian/freak. I was not one of the privileged organ receivers and had to do it the hard way. I had my cock pulled out of my cunt, mixed with other parts

sucks. Well, it sucked.

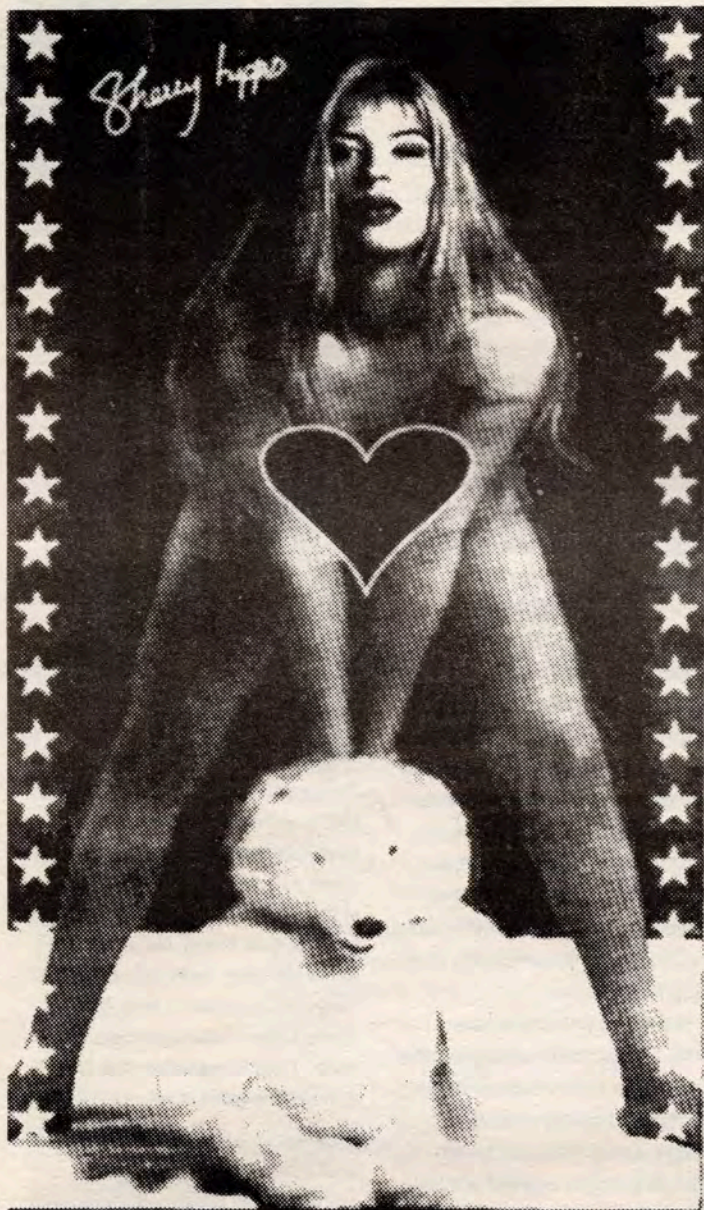
I'm ecstatic now. I live in Vancouver with the most beautiful intelligent woman on the planet earth. I'm a normal healthy man who works nine to five at the post office and hope to start a family soon. I'm your best friend. I'm your boss. I was your worst nightmare but hopefully, after reading this, I'm your wet dream.

Support Canadian Skin Flicks

With the aim of promoting a fledgling club called Downtown, Montreal had its first ever public porno shooting. What's this? A live sex show right in the middle of a Canadian city? Well, sort of.

Live sex shows are, actually, illegal everywhere in the world except the Orient even though places like New York city have not exactly been known to abide by

industry. Hey, we've got the right to vote, march topless and burn our bras, it's the next logical step.



the law. So, given the promise of a first ever public fuck-fest, I was slightly disappointed to discover it was just two women and there would be no penetration at all so technically it wasn't a live sex show (though I'm sure many a lesbian will tell me that it was too!). Anyway, you take what you can get and this happened to be the only public porno filming happening that evening.

The film is directed by Mark Hendrix and this segment stars Sherry Lipps (pictured here) and newcomer Desiree. If you said "who?" to Sherry's name then you've obviously never picked up a copy of the Montreal sex tabloid *Allo Police* on one of the many weeks when she has been sprawled on the cover in all her big busted splendor. With only one previous film under her G-string, Sherry is making a name for herself via the media route. She loves to cause controversy and is currently doing so by helping to boost the Canadian porn

the support the American ones do. As Sherry says, "Canadian and Quebec women are just as beautiful as American women. People are perfectly willing to rent a movie starring Amber or Ginger Lynn but as soon as she could be the girl next door it's just not accepted." Unfair? Absolutely. There is also a lack of women willing to participate in films and Sherry is sure that when better

by Suzie Who

productions, such as Mark's, hit the market more girls will want to get involved. Finding men, on the other hand, is not a problem, they offer to do it for free. Incidentally, Sherry takes private acting classes and, later, would like to be an actress (surprise!).

Anyone who has worked at all in film knows there are constant retakes and a half hour of shooting which may only result in five minutes of usable footage. This filming was done with only one camera, between regular acts and took about a half an hour all together. I guess most of the actual shooting took place some other time. The girls danced around on

stage and then had about five minutes of sex. The crowd, made up mostly of young men, loved it. A connoisseur, however, may have felt a little jipped. That's okay, because given the legal stipulations they are doing the best they can. Canadians are going to make pornos whether you like it or not so if you're going to rent one support our market.

If the movie (still untitled) is comparable to Mark and Sherry's last film, *Intimate Exposure* or *Julie's Diary* we won't be disappointed. It will be available this spring and *Intimate Exposure* is available in video stores now. As for another public filming, it may or may not happen again. Check *Allo Police* for future announcements.

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lots of new stuff. **Men's Recovery Project** have a new 7". its called "botanica mysteria," and its good. **Bikini Kill** have a new album (lp/cd) coming out really soon. its called "reject all american," and its good, too. **Unwound** has a new album and it'll be out soon. its called "repetition," and its good. **Free Kitten** has a new 7". its been out for a little while. people like it. its called "punks suing punks." **KRS** has other cool stuff thats been out a while. write for a free catalog, but send 2 stamps. ok.



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Shaolin Monks Rule!

In the December 1995 edition of *Voice Magazine*, a Shaolin monk was pictured on the cover in reference to an interview with the Wu-Tang Clan. Queries regarding the cover came from kids across the nation. Also, the

Shaolin monks recently went on a cross-Canadian tour that involved incredible feats of both will and strength, and we were there. The Wu continually make references to Shaolin and with the upcoming Chef Raekwon show happening

we at the *Voice* decided to give a bit of background on Shaolin History.

Around 540 AD an Indian Buddhist named Tamo traveled to China to see the emperor. The visit didn't last too long (conflicting ideas on Buddhism and what not), so Tamo jetted to meet the monks at the Shaolin temple. When he arrived there they refused him, probably figuring he was just some upstart or some foreign meddler. So Tamo went to a nearby cave and meditated until the monks recognized his religious prowess (legend has it that he bore a hole right through one side



of the cave with his constant gaze). When Tamo finally did join the monks he noticed they were way out of shape cause all they ever did really was meditate and transcribe Buddhist texts. So Tamo got them doing physical exercises, designed to enhance Ch'i flow and build strength. These sets, modified from Indian yoga, were based on the movements of the animals of the Indo-Chinese region (ie: tiger, deer, leopard, cobra, snake, dragon, etc...) the beginnings of Shaolin Gung fu. No one really knows when the exercises (Tai Ch'i) evolved into "martial art," but in China it is generally believed that it was by defending Buddhist monasteries against attacks.

Gung fu (Kung fu in the west) is not a martial art unto itself, yet it encompasses the most effective and most devastating methods of self-defence known to man. The identity of Gung fu is diverse; over 1000 styles are known and recognized. It stems the bases of nearly all martial arts and, most importantly, a way of thinking that has become a code of life for many.

Ch'i-gung

Ch'i is balance, harmony and focus, a concept of such magnitude it's almost impossible to explain. Let's just say it's the power governing the universe. Only by harnessing such energy can a person of average intellect

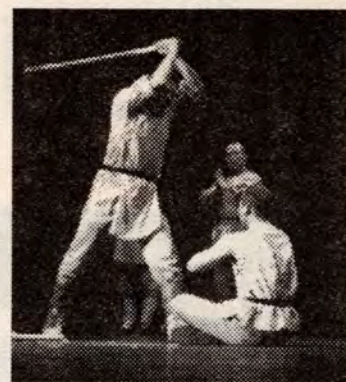
learn to break bricks with their bare hands or how to sense the movements of an opponent in the complete darkness and the like.

The essential movements of Gung fu are Ch'i controlled actions. Compare the moves of a karate and a Gung fu practitioner and the differences are at once obvious. In karate the moves are forceful, each move distinct from the next, the body is rigid, kicks and punches are very linear. In Gung fu, on the other hand, the moves are smooth and fluid in motion, several moves meld into one long, graceful action. In short, Gung fu is fluidity.

The levels in Gung fu are ranked as beginner, disciple, and master (the higher masters being priests). Achieving priesthood, though, rarely happens for in order to become a priest a monk first has to go through a series of oral and practical exams, then there is the test of the tunnel. The monk is led to a corridor linked to the outside world in which there are booby-traps, all lethal, all unpredictable. The monk must pass all of these for there is no turning back, no way out but to succeed. Most never even start the journey; few finish it. Those who make it past the traps have one last obstacle - a several hundred pound urn filled with burning iron fillings. On each side of the urn is an emblem, different for each temple, usually a dragon and a tiger. The urn has to be moved with bare forearms to unblock the exit and in doing so the priest is forever branded.

There is no truer form of balance of the mind, body and soul than to master Gung-fu. The strength that one gains from it is unfathomable. Gung-fu proves that we, as humans on earth, are only children and we've only begun to truly understand and appreciate the power we possess as individuals.

by MossMan



Photos by Ron Cassius

The Shaolin Monks

Theatre St. Denis, Montreal

A question that has stymied many an adolescent is "Who would win in a fight, Godzilla or Spiderman?" Spiderman would be no match for Godzilla's laser breath but Godzilla's sloth-like movements would be no match against the webbed one's tingling spider sense. Despite losing hours of valuable sleep over this age old question I've resigned myself to the knowledge that some questions just can't be answered. But when I left the Shaolin Monks performance last week I did manage to answer the question that I had been asking for the past week. THE SHAOLIN MONKS OF CHINA COULD KICK STEVEN SEAGAL'S ASS!

The evening started out with the monks (not to be confused with the '80s new wave band) performing a ceremony of prayer which was followed by the dance of the dragon. It was quite spectacular but to be quite honest, like most of the people attending, I was there to see monks getting kicked in the balls while having cinder blocks busted over their heads. Those wacky monks from China delivered the goods and then some.

There was no Jackie Chan tinsel town smoke and mirrors to be found. Everything from eating wine glasses and red hot coals to smashing heads with sledgehammers would have made Jim Rose and his side show cronies faint.

The *Voice*'s own Gabbo, "he pulled us right along," McInnes and myself got to be willing audience participants in the "drawn and quartered" section of the show as well as the "human locomotive" segment. It was truly amazing standing next to these supermen. I couldn't help but notice the omnipresent smile of one of the monks despite having been smashed in the head with a sledgehammer five minutes earlier.

Other than Gabbo's witty rapport with the audience, the highlight of the evening was when members of the audience were asked to come up on stage and kick one of the Shaolin Monks in the balls with no quarter asked. I swear I could hear nothing but the swish of fabric rubbing against fabric as every male in the house crossed their legs with an expression of pain on their faces. I'm currently working on this trick. Once I've mastered it I can use it as a bar trick and never have to pay for a drink again.

Having answered my Steven Seagal question I'm afraid a new one has arisen, The Shaolin Monks of China vs. Spiderman and Godzilla, hmm? -Johnson

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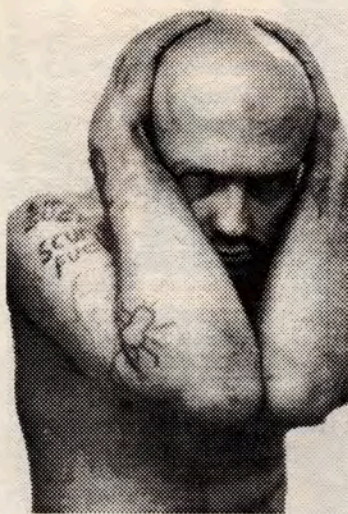
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Hated: G.G. Allin and the Murder Junkies
dir. by Todd Phillips

In *Hated* director Todd Phillips lets us peek in on another man's self annihilation. Instead of just rolling down the window and slowing down for the car accident Mr. Phillips puts us in the path of the collision itself and lets us play

japanimé

Patlabor 1: Mobile Police Manga Video

In a thankfully non-dystopic, near-future Tokyo, robotic worker drones run amok and the police deploy some high-end mecha action to mop up the mess. Sounds like anime-by-numbers, sure... and so it could have been, except that there's room here for a surprising shift in pace and focus.

Noticeably absent are the usual retina-scalding visual histrionics and Keane-eyed kitsch that characterize anime. Director Mamoru Oshii opts for a more mature, contemplative approach to his subject (conceptualized by Headgear, a five-member team that includes Oshii himself). The sharp, exacting realism and quiet moodiness are Oshii's signatures. Ironically, this unusual style shows a more authentic and traditional Japanese sensibility than many of Oshii's peers.

Oshii is gunning for a seat next to Miyazaki and Otomo, and his lucky charm might just be the forthcoming *Ghost in the Shell*. This animated adaptation of Masamune Shirow's (Tank Police, Appleseed) rich and satisfying SF graphic novel is Oshii's highest-profile work to date and it's heading for our shores like a heat-seeking missile. That means buckle up, otaku, cuz it's been a few years since *Akira* softened the



beaches and anime is long overdue for an airlift out of the slipstream ghetto.

In the meantime, if your appreciation of anime is tempered by a distaste for adolescent bombast, *Patlabor 1* (and its excellent sequel) should make a rather appealing dish of couch candy.

-Rupert Rottenberg

Videos for Deviants

by Johnson Cummins

"chicken" with everything a civilized society cherishes.

G.G. Allin was a rock singer whose chief objective, at least in his mind, was to inject a sense of danger back into the charred corpse of complacent rock 'n roll. Leaving the line of his lifestyle and on-stage persona a mere blur, G.G. practiced what he preached which was a no-holds-barred assault on everything, including himself, with a fierce fire of hatred burning inside. The film doesn't just let us see some bizarre misfit freak eat his own shit, beat up audience members and slam microphones into his clenched teeth. Like G.G. Allin's life the camera eye doesn't stay where it's safe but bursts through the barriers.

Let yourself swoon to the velvety soft crooning of G.G.'s standard crowd pleasers like "Suck My Ass it Smells" and his personal mantra "Cunt Sucking Cannibal," or marvel along with the fun loving G.G. as he gulps down mouthfuls of urine only to take time out to puke all over his face before going for a second helping. Dine with G.G. as he eats his own shit, gasp at the size of G.G.'s incredibly small penis (it appears that G.G. was enjoying a quick dip in the pool before the filming.) And girls I'll admit that naked men clad in only footwear isn't always the sexiest thing but when G.G. straps on those cowboy boots it becomes quite clear that the initials G.G. must stand for Gargantuanly Gorgeous. Ride 'em cowboy! There's more to G.G. than just good looks, as this film so accurately illustrates, be it G.G.'s misspelled tattoo of heroin (heron) or the mysteries G.G. uncovers with his hit song "Die when you Die." It's all here kids, thrills, chills and spills, like a rock and roll

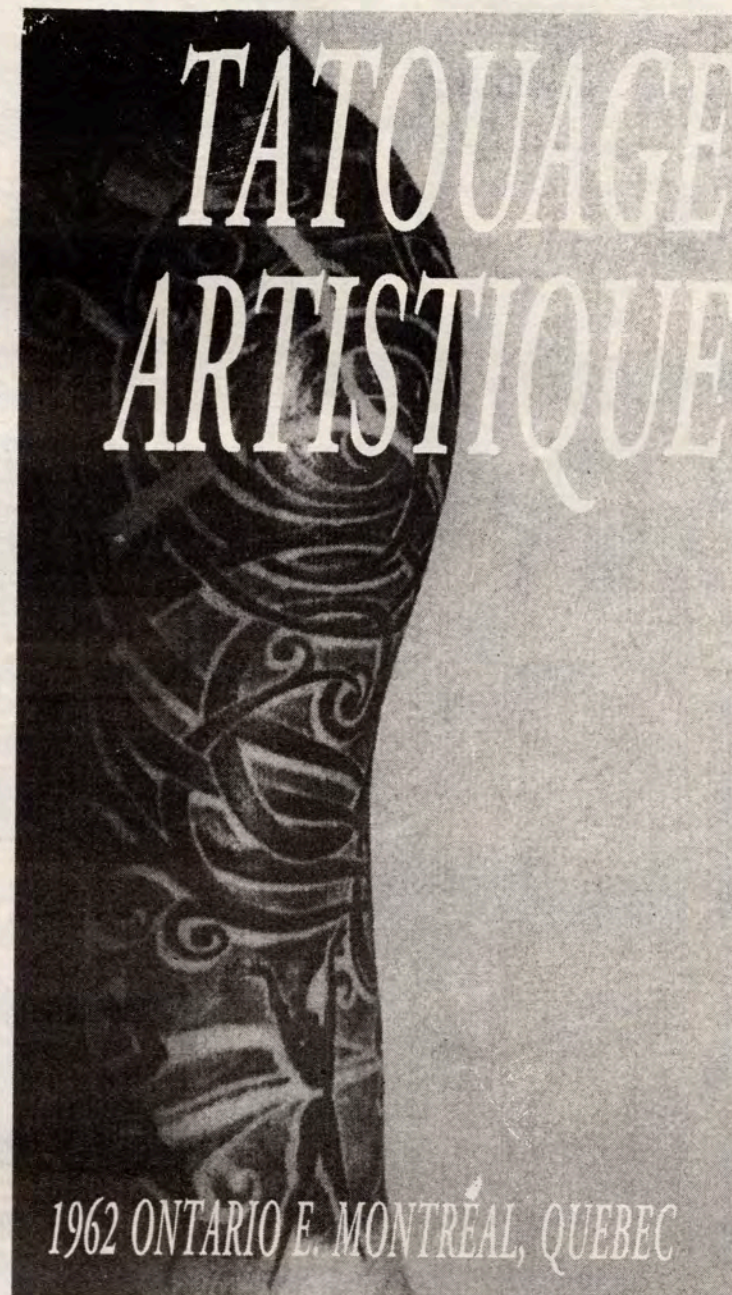
rollercoaster ride. Just make sure you don't get hit with puke from the car in front of you.

Todd Phillips seems to know when he's hitting us over the head with a stomach churning assault of unbridled hatred and sends in the clowns just in time. The role of court jesters are played quite convincingly by a heavily sedated ex-Murder Junkie Dee Dee Ramone and nudist enthusiast/drummer Dino who believes he is telepathically linked to the NYC all-girl-band The Lunachicks.

Todd Phillips' biggest achievement in this film is allowing us to come up with our own opinions and observations about a man consumed with anger, leaving the audience questioning society's moral code as well as our own. Mr. Phillips finally states his own opinion in the posthumous, video only supplement, which comes across as the telling of a deep dark secret rather than a sensationalistic diatribe on how society should feel as a whole. In the end the audience is left with just as many questions as when the movie started but in the interim we have learned a little something more about ourselves. Sure this film is probably going to offend some people and thank god. Maybe it will shake some people out of their safe *Ernest Goes to Camp* world and maybe we won't have to be plagued with Tim Conway's "Dorf" videos anymore.

In the last scene of the movie we hear a collect call made by G.G. from a federal correction facility and the final words we hear is an operator's recorded voice

asking "Do you accept this call?" It's quite obvious who this question is aimed at and thank you Todd Phillips for letting me answer it. (*Film Threat Videos*)



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KEVIN KANE
neighborhood watch

Debut solo release on his own OnOff Records. He used to be in another band a long time ago. He's also produced bands and plays pedal steel. (ROO01)



SACKVILLE
low ebb

Music made of desert and wood and released by MagWheel. Featuring members of Nerdy Girl, Howard North and Pest 5000. (MAG-009)



VARIOUS ARTISTS
slow children at play

Compilation from the kind people at 5th Beetle. Featuring unreleased tracks from Eggs, Princess Superstar, Soul Junk and Uncle Wiggly. (BUG001)



RED SUGAR
zero

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literary review

Being Digital

by Nicholas Negroponte
Vintage, \$16.95

Being Digital, the new book by *Wired* magazine writer Nicholas Negroponte is already obsolete. Negroponte is the founder of the Media Lab, a facility for the study of advanced digital multimedia at MIT. For Negroponte, non-digital information, like books, will soon be as useful as writing on stone tablets.

Being Digital is full of all sorts of fascinating little nuggets. Imagine a single CD with 5000 hours of music, imagine turning on your TV at any time of the day and selecting any program from any country in the world, imagine having "a group of eight inch high holographic assistants walking across your desk." That, says Negroponte, is the future of information in the digital era, vast amounts of digital that can reach you in a few seconds.

The problem, however, is not the speed at which you receive the message or its resolution when it arrives, but the quality of the information itself. Negroponte's

enthusiasm for both television and the Internet is tempered by the fact that both these media are absolutely jammed with crap. Digital crap, unfortunately, is still crap.

Sorting out what's important to you will be the job of your intelligent computer interface. Knowing your likes and dislikes, your interface will give you only the information you really need and best of all, you will be able to speak to it in your mother tongue.

Being Digital makes for an interesting read, but is Negroponte right? His predictions could be true for the small minority of the world's population that will have the money to receive digital signals. The future of the vast majority is less clear. While it might be possible to provide people with the necessary software and hardware, the difficulty lies in supplying power to most parts of the world. A hand cranked radio that can pick up regional

broadcasts has recently been developed and manufactured in South Africa. That innovation may well be more important to a larger number of people than a billion trillion bits of digital information.

-Alison MacTavish



Gravy #3

This latest copy is thick enough to use as a doorstop. Heavy in content and snotty attitude, the gals who put together this thing make no apologies for what they're into and they probably beat up your sister in junior high. Simply put, *Gravy's* mandate is rock fuckin' roll, no college nerds allowed!! With interviews with the likes of The Muffs, Teengenerate, Royal Trux, Wayne Kramer, '68 Comeback, The Lazy Cowgirls among many others, the *Gravy* train actually does a lot of travelling south of the border to get their full dose of garage rock, not relying on who comes through town. If *Gravy* has any faults, it's falling into the standard zine stereotypes, with cluttered layout, a lot of cut and paste action, and babbling interviews about mostly nothing. However, *Gravy* has a lot of enthusiasm going for it. You can tell that the crew who put this together are really excited by the music they're into, hence all the work they put into this

zine. That alone makes it worth flipping through the many pages within... in the words of Minor Threat "At least I'm fucking trying! What the fuck have you done?" -Fred Quimby

Gravy 728 Ville-Marie, Longueuil, QC, J4J - 5E7 (\$2.50)

Boom #8

Boom, "the comiczine of independent minded hip hop culture" is an extremely cool little quarterly publication out of Toronto. Edited by microphone fiend MC Motion, the quality of writing is high, several CD review sections are filled with selective, short yet sweet critiques. Poetry and interesting commentary about the record industry and the state of black North America run rampant throughout *Boom*. Issue #8 contains an interview with Smif 'N' Wessun and compared to *Peace Magazine* (Canada's other so-called hip hop magazine) *Boom* is the real thing. An added incentive to subscribe is that you get a free Bassmental tape of unsigned hip hop artists every three or four issues. *Boom* fights for hip hop and fills a crucial void, send your cash money and support the cause. -Suroosh Y. Alvi

For four issues, send \$14.00 to DEA, 139 Munro St., Toronto, Ont. M4M 2B1



Alarma! #252

Mexican murder magazines. Holy shit, this is the harshest printed material I've ever seen. I can't even read Spanish but the pictures alone made me puke my breakfast-burrito in a Texas tamale hut last week. If guns, limbs, bodybuilding, decapitation, motorcycles, sex and death by car accidents makes you happy, then this is your zine. Seriously, imagine Quebec's *Allo Police* joining forces with Mexican versions of Jim Goad and Al Goldstein. I had to smuggle this thing into Canada because there is no way that *Alarma!* could get through in a country where comics regularly get stopped at the border. Just wanted to let you know that it exists. -Suroosh Y. Alvi

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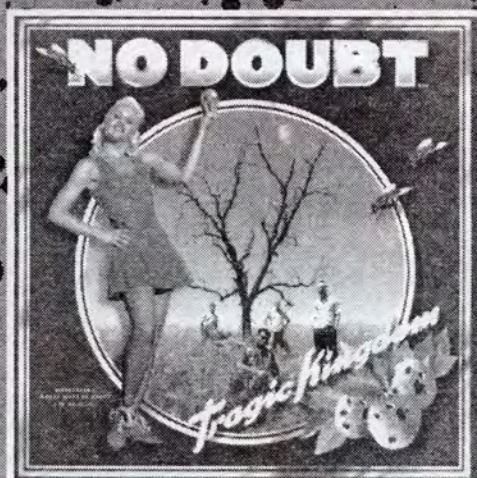
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